JOHN BULL, *March 18th*, 1916.

The Prepared is Seldom Scared.—See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 511. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916 ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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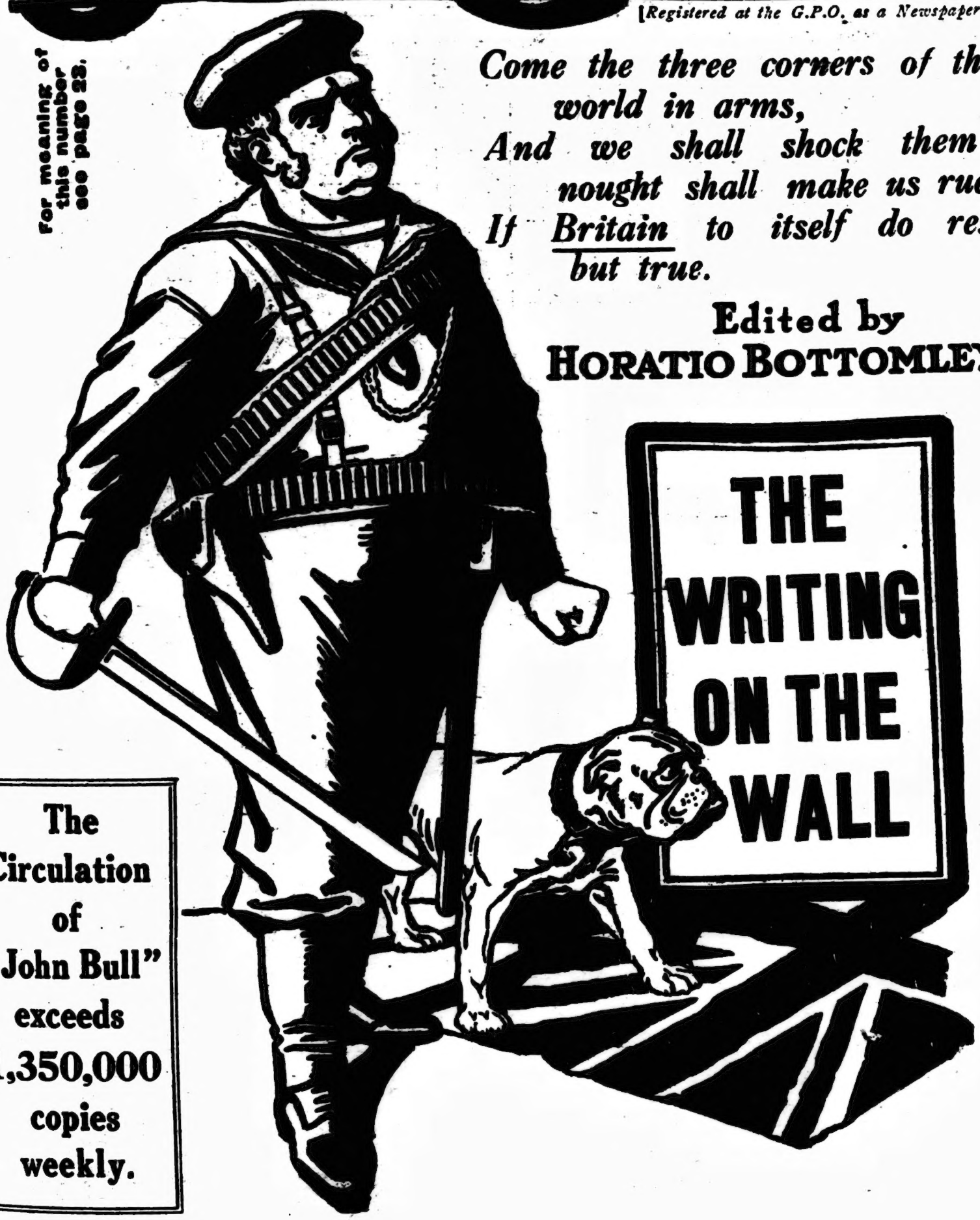
For meaning of this number see page 22.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 18, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

March 18, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....

OLD CALABAR

'PET DOG & PUPPY' BISCUITS
ARE THE BEST.
Sample and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

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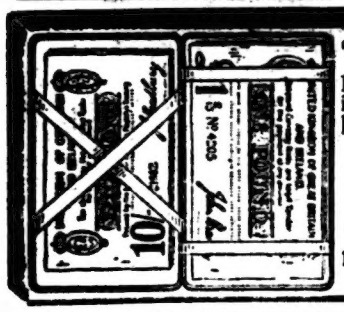
The best, strongest & purest in the world
The most economical because it goes farther than most other makes.



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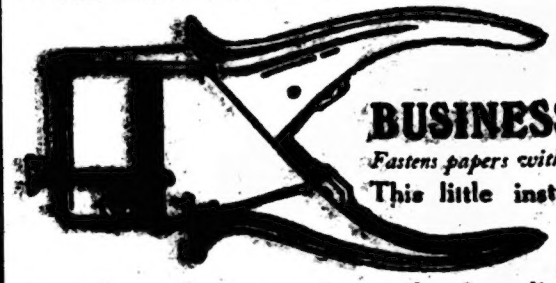


FOR PRIVATE OR BUSINESS LETTERS
Fastens papers without pins or metal clips.
This little instrument should be used by every man who wants to keep his correspondence in order. It saves pins and wire clips.
Fastens several sheets at a time. Bought by many officers, doctors, public bodies and business houses during the last few weeks.
Can be used for letters and replies, invoices, memoranda, &c. Pays for itself in a short time. It is handsomely plated, costs only 17/6 and will be sent on approval to any reader of "John Bull." Write for a week's free trial.
Kingsway Commercial Association, Ltd., Windsor House, London, W.C.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.
Makes 26 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is
No waste. Any tobacco can be used.

Best Gift for the TROOPS
Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 4/6.
Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/4; 500, 10d., post free.
VITA CO. (Dept. J.), 41, Limehill Road, Tunbridge Wells.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 511. Week ending Saturday, March 18th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

How Wicked!

Not only are we about to have an issue of Bonus Bonds—at present forbidden by the Lottery Acts—but the State is to own racehorses. But what a commentary it is upon the cant of the conventional politician that only sixty members could be induced to vote upon the subject. Each of the others, of course, has a clear "conscience."

More Thunder Stealing.

In addition to cribbing both the above ideas from us—we were always urging them when we were in the House—the Government proposes to annex our other Budget proposals of a tax on advertisements and amusements. Later on, doubtless, we shall bring Betting into the Chancellor's maw—and even Dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities are no longer safe. What a teacher war is!

The Enemy at the "Gate."

May we respectfully suggest to Lord Lonsdale that a certain lodge at his Cumberland seat might now be given a better name than "Emperor William's Gate," and that the same cleansing process should be applied to one of the principal drives; and, finally, that the stone commemorating the Kaiser's visit a few years ago be removed? Sorry to trouble his Lordship.

"Tay Pay" in Form.

For a long time past, "T.P." has been showing signs of having lost his journalistic form. But his recent article in the *Chronicle* on "Our Parliamentary Loafers" was one of the best things he has done; and his declaration that "the House of Commons is dead," shows that even he—keenest of Parliamentarians—is beginning to see the light. He will be a Business Government man yet.

Church Economy.

How many Army Chaplains are drawing military pay in addition to their clerical stipends? They should be called upon to follow the belated example of M.P.s. And couldn't some of those "missions"—such, for instance, as those for the "conversion" of the Jews—be suspended?

Tolstoy's Prophecy.

Apropos of Tolstoy's famous prophecy—made in 1910—that "about 1912 all Europe would be in flames," and that "about 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama," and that he would be "a man of small militaristic training—a writer or a journalist, in whose grip most of Europe would remain until 1925," many readers are asking where we came from—bless their dear warm hearts! We are afraid the answer is—from the *South!* But, judging from his name, the Rev. R. J. Campbell comes from Scotland!

Ministers' Servants.

We again press for a Return of all German-born employees—or of German-born wives or husbands of employees—at present in the service of members of the Government.

A Rare Collection.

We observe, from certain advertisements in the *Labour Leader*, that the announcements of the meetings of the Union of Democratic Control conclude with the word "Collection." And a pretty collection they must be!

When Lincoln Returns.

We are not referring to the race meeting which is usually held at this time of year, but to the ex-M.P. German spy. Be prepared for some startling revelations about German contributions to "Peace" and Little Navy movements over here during the past ten years.

Lord Northcliffe Optimistic.

The war must, indeed, be going well—for even Lord Northcliffe, in his splendid despatch from the Front, finds no reason for pessimism, and winds up thus: "Verdun is unlikely to be taken." But we don't like that story of General Petain taking tea with his lunch. He really must be more careful of his digestion.

£1,000 Reward.

In view of certain statements which are being made in regard to our "Bullets" Competition by an individual with whom we are now engaged in litigation, we renew our offer of £1,000 reward to any person who can show that our prizes are not genuinely won and paid.

Ill-Assorted.

The one jarring note of Field-Marshal Viscount French's introduction to his seat in the House of Lords last week was the fact that Lord Haldane was one of his sponsors. This association between the soldier who conducted the great retreat from Mons which saved Paris, and the Party politician whose "spiritual home" is in the country of our enemies, and who has irretrievably lost the confidence of the British people, strikes us as painfully incongruous.

"Wanted, a Dictator."

Our recent article under this heading has brought us an avalanche of letters—most of them containing the suggestion that we should ourselves fill the proposed *rôle*; whilst many other correspondents, apropos of our prediction that the next Prime Minister will have an "e" in his name, point out that even there we should not be excluded. It is all very flattering, but as advocate of a Business Government we are bound to remember that Business begins at home—and our hands are fairly full for the moment.

Join the League!

Which League? See page 14.

We have paid over 300 Air Raid Claims. See page ii of cover.

War time Economy: Official.

When the Retrenchment Commission were nosing around the Government offices, did they note the size and quality of the wrappers in which H.M. Patent Office send out the *Trade Marks Journal*, which weighs three ounces bare? The wrapper measures a foot and a half in length and a foot broad, is made of thick cartridge paper, and printed "On His Majesty's Service." If the *Trade Marks Journal* wrapper were on anybody else's service, it would cost a third of the money.

Sarrail and Salonika.

One of our readers is very anxious about the result of General Sarrail's visit to Athens. He points out that while there, according to a newspaper correspondent, the General "gave King Constantine details of the defences constructed at Salonika." What the newspaper account does not mention, our reader says, "is that King Constantine was greatly interested in the details, and showed them to his Queen, who made a special note of them and thereafter communicated them to her bloody brother of Berlin." The surmise may be accurate or otherwise; all things are possible except the impossible.

Armlets of Honour.

One of the "veterans" of the campaign, a man who helped to stop the first rush of the Huns for Paris and Calais, having been discharged from the Army as not fitted for more service, has been awarded an armlet. It is supposed to show that he has done his bit, but he considers it shows nothing of the kind, for similar armlets are given to those who yet have done nothing. So he is having his armlet tastefully embroidered, and it will exhibit an inscription, "France, 1914—15"; then the Crown; and then, his South African War ribbon. He wants us to mention this, because he thinks "many of the boys will do the same." Happy in their country's love are the boys who *can* do the same!

Ottawa's Hero.

There was one hero at the burning of Canada's House of Commons. He is Mr. Frank Glass, Member for East Middlesex. He tells his own heroic story. He saw the very beginning of the fire. There was only smoke. But something must be done. So he called a policeman. The policeman went for an extinguisher. "By the time he returned," said the gallant Mr. Glass, "flames had, of course, broken out." And it was all up with the House of Commons, Ottawa. It seems the fire could have been stopped instantly if the policeman had thrown his coat on it. "Why," says Mr. Glass, "if I had known he was not going to do so, I would have thrown my own coat on it!" It is a fine picture—the hero bravely doing nothing while a policeman runs to fetch a squirt.

Cable Mines.

A reader, blessed with an observant and inventive mind, asks whether we have noticed "that all our ships sunk by mines are being blown up at the stern, and that most of them sink stern first." From this he deduces that Germany is using a certain kind of mine, and he tells us what it is. It is a cable mine, invented by a friend of his, and, of course, declined by our Admiralty. The cable mine consists of two (or any larger number of) mines, linked together by a strong wire cable. They are buoyed to float 4 ft. or 5 ft. under water. The cable and string of mines may extend any distance—from 50 yards to 20 miles!—and a ship entering the field, if it misses a mine, must catch the cable across its bows. The vessel's movement carries the cable astern, the propeller catches it, and winds it up till one of the mines strikes the stern, and——! Our friend says that he knows how a ship can cut the cable and escape. Would the Admiralty like to hear?

An Invitation.

In the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons upon the subject of the State ownership of racehorses, Mr. Hogge suggested that *we* ought to have been consulted in the matter, as we knew "all about racing from one nd to the other." Well, we shall be pleased to take our ex-hon. friend down to Hawthorn Hill, and repay his compliment by putting him on a winner. But he mustn't bring Mr. Acland with him. The racing world is not very fastidious—but it draws the line at Acland!

Plaint of a Pensioner.

Plaintive is the appeal of Tommy Johnson. "Can't you speak a word for us poor Old-age Pensioners?" he asks. "In their economy the Government are starting with the poorest first. With prices as they are now, we can hardly live. If they knock it off or reduce it, as they talk, we shall not know what to do. We are starving now as it is." All we can say for the moment is that, if we catch the Government doing anything of the kind, we shall tell everybody about Mr. Lloyd George's new room at the Hotel Metropole, with its lovely blue curtains, its gorgeous ceiling, and its elegant Axminster carpet—so they had better be careful.

Good "Business."

Surely, of all the strange applications to the Exemption Tribunals, "the cake" is taken by that Jewish dentist who wished to be excused from military service on the ground that, as the only son of his dead father, he "was bound to perpetuate his body by begetting a son, which he had not yet done." And, with unconscious humour, the Tribunal allowed him "a week to arrange his business"! Which recalls the story of the K.C. (sometimes described as Sir Edward Carson) who—having asked a witness, in cross-examination, whether he was in the habit of taking too much to drink, and received the sharp reply "That is my business"—quietly proceeded to put the further question "Any other?"

How *Not* To Do It.

Some farm lands near Otley being wholly unsuitable for factory purposes, nobody was the least surprised when the premises were suddenly acquired, the occupants turned out, and big munition works commenced. A railway-siding was constructed, plant put in, hands engaged, and electric cables laid down. Then, when perhaps somebody thought enough money had been wasted—how much, nobody at present dares say—it was admitted that the land was damp, the hands were dismissed, and the grand new factory is idle, empty and derelict. Everybody who knew the district knew that the land was damp, and had known it for years. But the person who authorised such a vast expenditure either did not know, did not care, or did not trouble to ask.

A Friend-ly Lead.

The Quakers, not content with mollycoddling their own carcases and consciences, are out to confirm the faint hearts of others. The Minutes of their London Yearly Meeting contain a resolution that "Friends will have a duty in watching the action of the Tribunals, in assisting young men with regard to the statement of their conscientious objections." From this we gather that the "conscientious objections" of young Quakers are so nebulous that the Society must needs help them to find out what they are—while, to further their artful activities, they proceed to say, "We decide also to make known our readiness to assist conscientious objectiors other than Friends so far as is in our power." Quakers refuse to help the State on their own account; when they step outside their body and encourage others to refuse, they become a hindrance and a danger.

He'll write regularly if you give him a "John Bull" Pen.

Woman's Work.

Apparently, there are plenty of openings for female labour. The Nelson Stores, of Brixton, for instance, require a lady. She may be young, middle-aged, or old—that does not matter, anyway—but she must be strong. And we can well believe it. For the advertisement says she must collect and deliver bottled beer and groceries, push a hand-cart, do the cellar work, canvass, assist at counter and do also "all-round porter's work." No salary is mentioned, but preference would be given to a lady with a "slight knowledge of spirits" and book-keeping. Any educated female person, strong as a navvy, knowing a bit about spirits, and volunteering to do the washing, ironing, and scrubbing in spare time, stands a fine chance of obtaining a sinecure.

Telling it In Gath.

The law is an ass when it compels us to proclaim national secrets from the housetops. An important firm, makers of munitions for the Army and Navy, desiring to "establish a magazine for the storage of mixed explosives," is obliged by the Explosives Act, 1875, to give public notice of the fact, and to advertise fully in newspapers the exact locality of the proposed magazine. In the present case it is "—— Farm, ——, in the Parish of ——, in the County of ——," the blanks being ours, for they are all filled in with correct particulars and printed and published for the enlightenment of the enemy. The licence has been approved by the Home Secretary, but must receive the sanction of Magistrates at Petty Sessions, and anybody may object to that on giving seven days' notice. This is sheer pettifogging tomfoolery in war-time—unless it is an invitation to Wilhelm to object *per* bomb.

Y.M.C.A. and Munition Workers.

If others have made mistakes during the war, the Y.M.C.A. has achieved a success that is as wonderful as it has been welcome. Its efforts on behalf of soldiers have been colossal; one hesitates to think what the Army would have done without its lavish and whole-hearted services. And it is not content to rest on its laurels; another field for its labour has opened, and it is answering another call, that of the munition workers. The whole area of England is covered, and different districts taken over by lady Presidents, including Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lady Henry Grosvenor, Lady Askwith, Viscountess Ridley, Lady Wolverton, and Lady Wimborne. Under these and other popular ladies, 500,000 munition workers are ministered to. There are 1,000 voluntary helpers in Mrs. Churchill's district, while at Woolwich, where Lady Henry Grosvenor masters a stupendous task, 1,500 meals, cheap and good, are daily served. Readers who are able might like to support the movement. It all makes for the national good.

Off Their Thatch.

A small farmer, who is also a thatcher, had the nerve to keep from school his stepson, aged 13 this month, so that he might look after the few acres of land while the farmer went thatching. The consequence was a summons at Romsey. The Chairman cheerfully commenced by audibly hinting that the man had been fined before, and, the School Attendance Officer having made a similar remark, the sinner was fined £1 for attending too zealously to the nation's business. Thatchers are very scarce all over the country even in normal times, and this one, beside being employed in thatching by the Council that summoned him, is wanted on all hands to save ricks from spoiling in the wet weather. Magistrates who fail to see that his work is absolutely essential must be very unmindful of the needs of agriculture—while, if such school cases must be hunted down, the work could be done by a woman, and the Council's officers released, wherever eligible, to those duties for which their age fits them.

A German Festival.

What is Manchester's particular sin, that Brand Lane should inflict upon it a "Festival" of German music, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood? Wagner worship might be permitted a rest these days, and a performance of "The Flying Dutchman" strikes us as in particularly bad taste when so many flying Germans are busy butchering babes. We have no desire to *Brand Lane* as pro-German, but would invite it to consider the claims of other composers when giving concerts in Cottonopolis.

"The Secret Scourge."

The Report of the Royal Commission on certain contagious diseases is in many respects a startling document, and although its proposals are of a somewhat timid nature, they are sound as far as they go, and we trust the Government will see its way to act upon them without delay. The question is not primarily one of morals, but of national hygiene and racial vigour. As the Report clearly shows, and as everyone knew before, the innocent are suffering with the "guilty," and even where there has been moral laxity the punishment is altogether out of proportion to the crime. We urge the Government to tackle the problem with a single eye to the physical well-being of the people.

The Lady Slavey.

How highly one would prize an introduction to the writer of this advertisement, culled from a woman's journal: "Will lady (by birth) come as only servant (not companion, caps essential) for country vicarage? Charwoman weekly." How charming to be on the visiting list of that Vicar's cultured wife, whose only servant, poor wretch! must be a lady, although kept in the kitchen, condemned to caps, and forbidden any beastly familiarities. She must know her place, and be humble, though high-born—perhaps some duchess out of work would do. And perhaps, though denied the precious companionship of Mrs. Vicar, she, the real "lady" slavey, would be permitted friendly intercourse with the charwoman, weekly!

Policeman Mary.

A Todmorden landlord has been fined £5 for serving two girls with a bottle of stout ten minutes after closing time. The fine was disproportionate to the offence, but the evidence that secured it was little short of scandalous, for one of the two policemen who watched the premises was dressed as a woman in skirt and shawl, and the precious pair acted like a courting couple, to avoid being suspected. Foolish things are often done by some policemen for the sake of a conviction, but such shameless proceedings as these, where two men avowedly behaved like a lover and his lass, are without excuse and beyond reason. If the Todmorden force is not ashamed of this indelicacy, some local body should move to prosecute in turn the man who masqueraded in female attire.

Better Left Unsaid.

If the Mayor of Kensington could read all the protests we have received in respect of his remark about chemists the other day at the Local Tribunal, his ears would burn. A dispenser claimed exemption on the ground that he dispensed panel patients' medicines. "You would be better employed in killing Germhuns than——" suggested Lord Justice Phillimore, "than killing Insurance patients" interrupted his Worship, supplying words which were repudiated by the learned Lord Justice. "I consider this an Assouaned insult," snaps a chemist in the City. "Perhaps the Mayor, whenever he gets a cold in the head or a finger ache, is the first to rush to the dispenser." Perhaps; but he is not an Insurance patient, and that—if there is anything in a joke which is no joke—makes all the difference. However, if his Worship says this sort of thing again, it will be our painful duty to request him to hold out his hand.

"Everywoman's" is the leading Home Journal.

Wrath.

No doubt, we have been rather warm on some of the able-bodied Belgians now in this country. Here is the end of a long letter from a Belgian who writes "with anger and disgust": "I hope, sir, I shall soon hear from you in your paper, and I beg you to believe I shall buy your paper every week until you explain your words." Then we certainly shall not explain our words for a long time to come. Who are we that, in these days of high prices, we should interfere with such remarkable generosity?

War ed, Magazines.

"Is it too much to ask," writes the Hon. Secretary of No. 5 Camp at Warminster, "to have an appeal for magazines put in John Bull?" It isn't. A very large number of magazines are destroyed every day. If people would post them to secretaries of reading-rooms at the various camps, they would no doubt confer a great deal of pleasure on the brave good fellows who are preparing to fight their country's battles.

War Profits.

"Big Money," says an advertisement, "is being Made by Dealing in War Commodities." We regret the truth of that. And we regret that the advertisement continues: "Write for Explanatory Booklet, 'War Profits and How to Make Them,' sent post free on receipt of 1d. stamp., G. Lang and Co., 30, Coleman Street, London, E.C." We charge this firm nothing for advertising them here, because we desire to say that their proceedings are remarkably unpatriotic if it is their desire to teach people how to take gross, mercenary advantage of the nation's needs. On the other hand, if they are out to catch cupiditous flats, we almost hope they will succeed. There can be no sympathy with a man rogue enough to exploit his country.

Salford's Ambulance.

Poor old John Connolley, of Salford, who lost both his legs some years ago while working on the railway, has now lost his life through "heart failure, accelerated by exposure"—so the jury said. Old John was found in his wheel-chair in the bleak streets, unconscious, and at the police-station they telephoned to the workhouse, asking that an ambulance be sent. But the workhouse wouldn't, or couldn't, because an ambulance must not be used without an order from the Relieving Officer, who lives at Higher Broughton. The doctor at the police-station said that this was the customary reply, and the poor legless old fellow was pushed to the workhouse in his own chair. He "died soon after arrival." That's all!

"Teutonic Traders."

Referring to our recent article under the above heading—dealing amongst others with the business of P. D. Rasspe and Sons, Ltd., we are informed by Mr. Geo. W. King that some four or five years ago he came to an arrangement to start a branch for a London business house, and that he then entered into an agreement with P. D. Rasspe Sohne, of Solingen, for the sale of their goods. A year later, the firm desiring to use their capital in another direction, Mr. King—after endeavours to finance the undertaking in this country—got Messrs. P. D. Rasspe Sohne to provide the necessary monetary backing for the British business. When the war broke out Mr. King sent a circular letter to all the customers on his books, explaining the facts, and asking for their advice. The outcome was the registration of an entirely new Company—named Geo. W. King, Ltd.—with the object of manufacturing in this country the goods hitherto made in Germany. This firm is now incorporated with Innes, Sons and King, Ltd. In justice to Mr. King we have pleasure in giving publicity to this statement of his position.

A Sliding Scale.

Curious calculations occur in the *Daily News*. It tells of a Committee that has brought out plans for a model canteen, and says the entire cost of equipment, inclusive of everything, "is put at 32s. for 100 persons, 21s. 6d. for 500, and 20s. 9d. for 1,000." Going merrily along at this rate, perhaps the Old Lady of Bouverie Street would accommodate 100,000 for the odd ninepence?

Cinema Patriots.

Miss Irene Miller, the well-known cinema-playwright, asks us to admire the patriotism of the cinema trade. Not only has it presented to the nation an ambulance convoy costing the pretty little sum of £40,000, but when Mr. J. W. Smith, of Barker's Motion Photography Company, had a happy idea the other day, and made it public through the medium of the *Kinematograph*, what was the result? The idea was that cinema producing and renting firms should undertake first to teach and then to employ, in various branches of the film industry, soldiers invalided out of the Army. The result was a prompt and ready response from nearly all the leading firms of the trade. The notion is being extended to picture theatres, and as we rejoice in nearly 5,000 such palaces in these isles, each with several fairly easy situations to be filled, the trade is certainly doing patriotic service.

Blackburn's Bad Business.

Blackburn is behaving so badly that it begins to deserve Philip Snowden as its Member. The Corporation graciously increased the salary of its Electrical Engineer from £700 to £800, a jump that is both electrical and shocking, and then went on to deny a rise of 3s. to street-sweepers whose wages are but 17s. and 18s. a week, on the ground that "the men were sufficiently paid for the work they did." We should like to know the easy tasks entitling the men to that magnificent income of 17s. a week, which is considered sufficient by pot-bellied Councillors. And we note the different treatment accorded to a man with a "salary" as distinguished from the poor devils who get "wages"—and precious little of them. While the foregoing good work was being done by the Corporation, its Markets' Committee had decided to discontinue the 10s. pension of a weighbridge-keeper, awarded for 30 years' service, on the ground that he had "broken his contract." Now they want to break his heart. He is an Indian Mutiny veteran, aged 83.

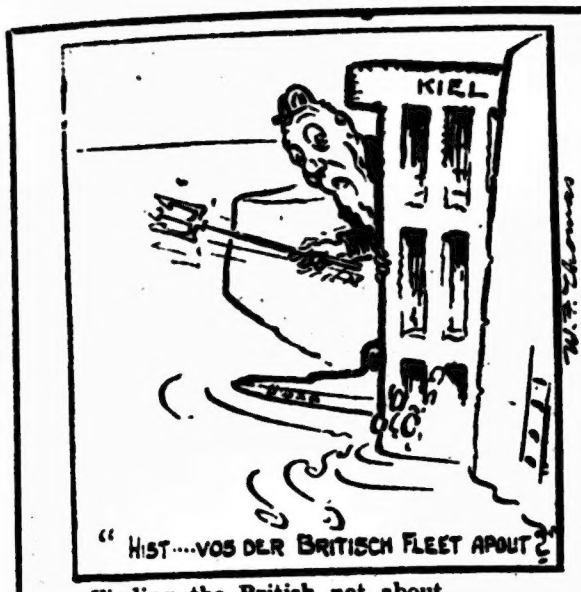
A Rum Proceeding.

We would be the last to deprive Tommy in the trenches of his tot of rum, but we see no reason why the supplying of this salutary and heartening ration to our brave defenders should be made the occasion for the ridiculous waste of labour, money and material which appears, unhappily, to be the hall-mark of most Government undertakings. Although the rum is supplied to the authorities on this side in its original casks, it is decanted into gallon earthenware jars before being despatched to the base. We learn on good authority that 10,000 new jars are so filled in London every day. Being fragile as well as weighty, each of these jars has to be provided with a wooden casing and other protective packing material. The rum thus treated entails a vast amount more handling and occupies far greater cargo space than if it were shipped to France or elsewhere in its original containers. The emptied casks, some 35,000 per month, are sold by auction for a mere fraction of their value, to the great advantage of their astute purchasers; and the Government orders for earthenware jars are in consequence so huge that other purchasers find it difficult to obtain them. In effect, we are wastefully paving France with disused gallon jars..

The careless man invites disaster. **See page ii of cover.**

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



Finding the British not about,
The canal-keeping Hun
Ventures to let a squadron out
To take a little run.

The Coalition monster strives
Its stronghold to defend
'Gainst one who usu'lly contrives
To "get there" in the end.

'Tis rumoured that the hapless Turk,
Whose troubles fast increase,
To drop the Boches' dirty work
Desires, and prays for peace.

Northoleon creates a stir
With his superb advance,
Preceded by his trumpeter
Across the fields of France.

Though Asquith and Lord Derby try
To hide behind each other,
The married men's indignant cry
Such tactics cannot smother.

A Canon who sits in a pub
Some people might think naughty,
But he's the parson we should dub
Both Christianlike and sporty.

"On the Halls."

In reference to our recent paragraph about the popularity of Mr. F. V. St. Clair's song, "We Want a Few More Bottomleys," we are told that another popular ditty which always brings down the house is Fred Arthur's "I Must Write to JOHN BULL about It."

The "National Party League."

Numerous readers have consulted us as to this organisation, which is apparently now circularising people from Victoria Street, London, S.W. The simplest answer we can give is that we know absolutely nothing about it. The only new League wanted in these days is the Business Government League—as to which see page 14.

A King's Sausage.

The *Cologne Gazette* paints a pretty pen-picture of its dear friend (just at present), King Ferdinand, of Bulgaria. It says his simplicity of character is so marked that "frequently when walking about the streets of Sofia he purchases a sausage from a stall and eats it with his fingers as he passes along." And then follows this: "Latest advices say he is slowly recovering from his illness." We do not think he deserves to recover if he walks the streets eating sausage with his fingers. But we wager he eats it with the jawbone of an ass.

A "Bullet" Hero.

When in Lincoln the other day, we were distressed to learn that one of our first £1,000 "Bullet" winners—Mr. R. M. Waller of that city—had fallen on the field of battle; but it was interesting to find that he had wisely invested his prize-money for the benefit of his mother. Poor lad!

Saved from the Huns.

Among the generous subscriptions to our "Greatest of These—" Fund from men of the Fleet and Mercantile Marine, we have pleasure in acknowledging £2 10s. collected—as the late Master of the unfortunate vessel, writing from New York on February 25th, tells us—on the s.s. *Appam* "before she was captured by the Germans on January 15th." We congratulate the worthy skipper on keeping the money from the grasp of the greedy Huns.

A Cautious Bargee.

Here is a story which an officer stationed at Woolwich sends us: "Apropos of your paragraph 'Inspect the Inspectors,' I found an old bargee testing a very stout rope. Asking him what he was doing, as it had already been tested, he replied: 'Well, sir, I ain't taking any chances, and when I see's the bloke as was testing this 'ere rope was a bankrupt tea-shop owner a few weeks ago, I thought I'd have a test myself.' "Some" bargee, that!

Our £1,000 Football Coupon is on page iii of cover.

AT IT AGAIN.

STILL ACTING THE FOOL—THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

By the Editor.

Here they are again—with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill in the limelight, and a dozen others in the background, pulling the strings. It is a pitiable spectacle—hideous in its ugliness, grotesque in its inopportuneness, childish in its perspective. And the grim humour of it all is that none of the actors has the remotest idea of the indignation and impatience with which the public are looking on at the game. Let me say at once that I do not impeach the integrity or patriotism of either the present or the late First Lord of the Admiralty. Each of them, I am sure, means well—but what the Devil does either of them *know* about the Navy—except what he is *told?* We have got rid of the civilian head of the War Office—why not do the same with the Admiralty? And, by the way, *isn't* the Admiralty *part of the War Office*—or is it concerned merely with a fleet of pleasure boats and fishing smacks? Under the Business Government, both branches of the Service would be called the War Office—with a Naval and a Military Director, and, if you like, a State Secretary, acting as the parliamentary mouthpiece of the Department. Why on earth have a *Secretary* of State for the Army and a *First Lord* for the Navy? But never mind about that for the moment. All in good time. Let us return to our two civilian naval experts—hurling bombs at each other across the floor of the House. What is that you say—Mr. Churchill *isn't* any longer a civilian, but a Colonel in the Army? Oh, yes, I know all about that. But it only makes it worse.

Mr. Churchill.

Let me make my attitude quite clear. I am one of Mr. Churchill's sincerest admirers. I have watched him from the time he was a boy—and I have studied him closely. There is not a sincerer, honester, abler man in public life to-day. *But he lacks balance.* Like all of us, he has the defects of his qualities. Impetuous, masterful, and intolerant of fools, he goes off at half-cock. He can't wait; he *will* make the running—and there is no stopping him. When, on the reconstruction of the Government, he accepted the lowest post in the Cabinet, I was sure he would not stay long; and when, after the Gallipoli failure, he packed up his bags and went back to his regiment, I knew, too, that he would soon return. And now there is a scheme afoot—well known at Westminster—to keep him home, and make him "Leader" of a new "Opposition." If he is wise, he will go back to the Front, and forget all about Politics till after the war. *Then* his services will be invaluable to the nation—which will have forgiven, and forgotten. At the present time, his political activities are liable to misconception. *His* cry for the return of Lord Fisher—however sincere—does not ring true. His warning that the Kiel Canal may have a surprise in store for us, *does*. He should have left it at that. His advice to us to send our airmen to smash the German Zeppelin sheds was equally sound—if not altogether original. But all else had been best left unsaid. Thus has Mr. Churchill, by an error of tactics, to a large extent undone the good, in the way of personal rehabilitation, which his self-effacement of a few months ago was accomplishing; and my advice to him is to rejoin forthwith his regiment. Political gladiators are for the moment out of fashion.

Mr. Balfour.

And Mr. Balfour, too! What earthly need was there for that second speech of his? Are these the times for "debating" points? We thought all that nonsense was dead, or at any rate in suspense. Who cares a rap what Mr. Churchill said six months ago, or what his great-great-grandfather did at the battle of Timbuktu? And aren't we all tired of being told that everything in the garden's lovely? *Of course*, the present First Sea Lord (Mr. Balfour, we suppose, is the First *Land*lord!) is the finest fellow who ever lived; and, *of course*, the Navy was never so well prepared for anything and everything as it is to-day; and, *of course*, any delays which may have occurred in completing our building programme have been due to the mistakes of the other chaps. Just imagine letting the enemy know that there *have* been delays! And just imagine telling him the exact kind of guns we have mounted on our monitors! But they were good political "hits"—and that consideration came before everything else. Isn't it pitiful? Do you remember Mr. Balfour telling the House of Commons, some months after he accepted office, that he had only just learnt that his Department was responsible for the Air Service? But then, as he once said, he is "a child in these matters." *How long will the country stand it?*

Lord Fisher.

And whilst the game was being played, Lord Fisher—"Jack" Fisher, "the Kitchener of the Navy"—sat, looking on, in the Gallery, until he could no longer tolerate the bandying about of his name—when he rose and left in disgust. We have never disguised our opinion that he did wrong when, because he could not agree with Mr. Churchill, he threw up his job. As we said at the time, that was setting a bad example to less exalted members of the Service—but we want to see him back. Still, that, says Mr. Balfour, would involve the dismissal of the present Sea Lord. Why need it? *Why not let Lord Fisher take Mr. Balfour's place as First Lord of the Admiralty?* To Hades with the politicians—the lawyers, the philosophers, the lay preachers, the Temperance Reformers, and all the rest of them. The Admiralty is the place where Fisher ought to be. The country wants him; the country needs him; the country believes in him; and his appointment would increase the nation's confidence in the Navy.

We don't want to be bluffed and bamboozled over battleships and cruisers as we have been bluffed over munitions, air defences, "rats" and "hornets' nests."

And you can't bluff "Jack." No doubt Sir Henry Jackson is a fine fellow and a fine gentleman; everyone who has been near him respects and esteems him; but he has not the unique qualities of leadership possessed by Lord Fisher. At the same time, it is utterly intolerable that two such really great men, acknowledged to be in the forefront of the most complicated and hazardous profession known to modern times, should be battledore and shuttlecock to any politician. And the scandal must cease.

Parliament Discredited.

The nation and Parliament have come nearly to the parting of the ways. Parliament has long ceased to represent public opinion, and it is an arguable point whether it is even sitting legally at the present time. But they don't care what is said about them as long as people only talk—and *do* nothing. But unless a very different state of affairs shortly comes about, the people will have to bestir themselves and *do things*. We cannot allow the ship of State to drift on to the rocks of disaster whilst we sit kicking our heels and twiddling our thumbs—for remember it is *our* ship, and *our* State. We have seen all kinds of rascally intrigue at work since the war came upon us, but this latest exhibition is the worst of all. It has been bad enough in regard to the Army, to the Munitions Department, to the Military Patronage Department, and a score of other things; but we must call a halt when the charlatans and intriguers try to play ducks and drakes with our Navy. We have stood a good deal, but we will not stand that. I, personally, will not remain voiceless whilst the Navy is made a catspaw in the political Party manœuvres. Do you realise what fooling with the Navy means to you at this juncture? Perhaps you do not. It means that the Navy is going to be utterly disorganised, and rendered inoperative against our deadly and determined enemy, just when that enemy believes himself strong enough to risk the ordeal of battle. We all think the Navy is invincible; and so it is, if it is not ruined by political meddlers who have personal axes to grind. You have only to look around you to see how utterly Parliament is discredited. Everywhere the professional politician is taboo. He hasn't a friend left. And I do not hesitate to say that, if I am free at the next General Election to return to active public life, I would carry the whole country on a Business Government card. In any case, as will be seen from another page, I intend to get the Business Government League into shape, so that all may be ready. You never can tell!

East Herts.

Look at East Herts, where a non-politician has carried the Party fort against the combined armies of the Liberal and Tory hosts. He did it by standing for a sane Business Air Service—just as he did at Mile End, where, all things considered, he accomplished an equally remarkable feat. Surely the Government will take note of this warning. It is the most significant thing which has happened for several years—since, in fact, I carried South Hackney by storm against the nominees of both Parties, by a majority of several thousand. Mr. Pemberton Billing has rendered the nation a great service—and whether or not in Parliament he lives up to the high reputation he has won (and I wish I were there to help him—for it is a tricky place), he has driven a big nail into the coffin of the present Coalition fraud. All good luck to him! Meanwhile, the Party caucuses have received a rude shock. And it is amusing to read their public comments—or to watch their eloquent silence. The *Chronicle*, from which we should have expected something better, expresses the hope that, now in the House of Commons, Mr. Pemberton Billing will be "an air and not a scare member," and winds up a startled leaderette with the somewhat ungracious suggestion that "it is a moot point whether he would not be more usefully employed in an aero designing factory than in the House of Commons," and with the expression of the view that "a man of his gifts would serve his country better as a doer than a talker." More refreshing is the candid recognition by the *Times*, which frankly admits that the election "has an importance which Ministers can hardly ignore," and that "it means, first and foremost, that there is no longer any magic in the Party machine." And so I could go on quoting. But what would be the good of it? All the world now knows that the cause for which we have been pleading for the past five years *is won*. Party Politics are dead—and damned! Business Government holds the field. It is a wonderful transformation—but it has come at last. And yet, a few years ago, all the world laughed at us; whilst to-day, one by one, our ideas are being annexed and exploited. I do not hesitate to say that at the next General Election no Party seat will be safe. The old game is played out; the old gang is *found* out; and, in future, we shall insist upon a common-sense Business Government for a common-sense Business people. That is why I am now starting the Business Government League.

Get to Business.

For Heaven's sake, let's get to Business. We have reached the vital moment in the history of the war. Germany is floundering. She is like a "groggy" fighter in the ring. It is in our power to-day to give her the knock-out blow. But the talking politicians have got hold of our arm, and are holding us back. It is the same with German Trade—which is now at our mercy. Perhaps, coming from the home of the Cecils, the message from East Herts will wake up Lord Robert—who, of all men, has been made our Blockade Minister! You remember how he fought against declaring Cotton contraband? What a farce—no, what a *tragedy*—it all is! But the public has had enough. The handwriting is on the wall. Messrs. Asquith, Balfour and Co. have received their notice to quit. The reign of the *talker* is over; "debates" are things of the past. "Scenes in the House" no longer interest us. We are out for Business—as well as for blood. And we mean to take matters into our own hands. What on earth is the use of a "Trade Conference" in Paris? Why on earth should the Allied nations "take counsel together and as far as possible forecast the future"? Away with such Asquithian nonsense. And who wants the Prime Minister's advice that we should "not be led by passion or resentment into punitive measures which might recoil upon ourselves"? There is a nasty flavour of tenderness for the enemy about this phrase, which, candidly, I do not like. It recalls those philosophic meditations of Lord Haldane!

Come, Britons, haven't you had enough of it? If so, join the Business Government League—and let us see what we can do.

TOWNSHEND'S GLORIOUS STAND.

A RAY OF SPLENDID BRILLIANCE IN A DARK SKY.

By A. G. Hales.

Darkness and semi-idiotic mystery continue to envelop the movements of our troops on the various fronts, but I am able to-day to tell the public a good deal concerning one of the most glorious feats of the war.

One particularly well-informed assures me that when General Townshend was ordered to go and take Baghdad with the handful of men at his disposal, he entertained doubts of the feasibility of the enterprise unless he was given an army corps of at *least* two divisions. His view did not, however, meet with official approval, and his heroic band departed on their hazardous undertaking; nothing but Townshend's military genius and the dauntless bravery and skill of his officers and men saved the hare-brained expedition from utter annihilation, and in spite of all that they have accomplished in the face of desperate odds, enduring hardships that would have tamed the spirits of a lesser breed, they have been kept with cynical ingratitude from the public eye, and have been callously neglected in the matter of honours, which are so dear to the hearts of soldiers. Whoever is responsible for this cold-blooded cynicism will have a stern reckoning some day with the nation.

Townshend, Genius and Warrior.

Many months ago, Townshend's little army, governed and controlled by his daring and genius, fought the battle of Ctesiphon—fought it and won. Townshend had only 14,000 men of all arms, and the Turks had *five and a-half divisions* to hurl at the British, and they did not spare them. Townshend lost in killed and wounded 4,500 men out of his total of 14,000, but in all their history no sons of Britain ever fought more superbly or were better handled than his little force. They piled the ground with Turkish slain, and shook the Sultan's forces to the very marrow in the bitter fighting that ensued. Nearly all our losses were confined to our infantry, who bore the brunt of the battle, and so finely and so fiercely did they fight that they completely drove the foe from the field. The Turks retreated as far as the Viala river. But they had discovered in the course of the fierce fighting that Townshend's whole force had been in action, and knowing that numbers must prevail, they came back with reinforcements. Had the British General been able to carry out his instructions—had he succeeded in getting into Baghdad—that place would have been the tomb of himself and his braves, for he could not have held it against the odds of five to one, and he could never have cut his way out. For two days he stood his ground against hopeless odds, consisting of first-class soldiers. Then his strategic genius made him capable of saving his forces. At evening he made a bold show of attacking the enemy, their scouts being allowed liberal opportunities of observing his preparations; so deeply had Townshend's generalship impressed the Turkish leaders, that they spent all their time and energy preparing for his offensive stroke.

A Masterly Retreat.

Then, when the darkness fell, Townshend and his gallant lads swung swiftly out of camp and faced back towards the Tigris. As soon as the dawn came the Turks discovered how cleverly they had been outwitted, and they started in hot pursuit, hoping to overtake, surround, and envelop the British. For *ninety miles* Townshend, by his personal example of tireless energy and cheerfulness, kept his army out of the enemy's reach. He was aiming to get to the Tigris, where, with his back to the river, he could put up a fight, keep the enemy all the time in front of him, and prevent him from getting at the ships which held the food-stuffs and munitions. If he had sent a galloper ahead to tell the ships to save themselves, his men would have had nothing to eat, and nothing to fight with. He had to save them, and there, with his back to the river, he turned at bay. He let the Turks rush on to annihilate him, let them get within 2,500 yards, and then turned every gun loose and ripped and tore them to pieces with shrapnel. They tried to turn his flank; he did not wait, but dashed at them with a counter movement and smashed that wing of the Turkish army and hurled it back. And whilst he had the foe in a tangle of indescribable disarray he rapped his orders out to his staff for a steady retirement *en echelon* of brigades. Officers and men were superb; heads up and eyes blazing, they moved like clockwork, though the Turkish gunners, having got the range, poured iron in like hail. The men were great in peril, the officers were grand.

Deeds of Derring-Do:

Townshend and his staff were in the very hottest corners all the time; horses were killed all round them, men fell fast, but the God of Battles smiled on the General and his staff that day, their very daring seeming to render them immune from death. By midday the British had shaken off all pursuit, marching at the double for thirty good miles in the Devil's own country, and bivouacking as night closed in. He had got to Kut-al-Amara, his objective point, and there he turned at bay like a lion—and there he has stood ever since, keeping the Flag flying. He knew there was a force marching to his aid, and he knew how weak and inadequate it was; so he sent off his one brigade of cavalry and his horse artillery to help them on their upward way. It was just the kind of thing Townshend would do—take a chance himself and send his cavalry to help a relief column which he knew lacked strength. When the full story is told of that superbly executed retreat of ninety miles from the vicinity of the Viala river to the banks of the Tigris, with odds of five to one against him, then—and not till then—will Britain realise how great the man is. He will hold out to the end; our nation's honour is safe in his hands, and if he is saved he should be transferred at once to a big command in France or in the Middle East, for Townshend is great. Not an hour should be lost in paying tribute to the soldiering qualities of his officers and men, who have been so long and so disgracefully overlooked by the authorities. They have carried themselves like heroes, they have won their honours, and the paltry jealousy that would cover them with forgetfulness is too despicable for words.

Rightful Wearers of the Bays.

We have had gentlemen with political reputations transformed into Colonels in France after a few trips between St. Stephen's and Headquarters in France; we have even had politicians changed into Major Generals by the magic wand of political influence in the same sphere; perhaps that is why we have such small results. What would suit the public better would be to see regimental officers like those who have fought with Townshend getting what they have worthily won. Our losses in that maddeningly muddled campaign have been great. I have been assured that, first and last, we have lost in killed and wounded nearly forty per cent. of our men—and most of this has happened because the forces were sent out in driblets. If we had utilised 100,000 of the natives of Africa, who were ready to go, we could have saved thirty per cent. of our best men. When shall we have soldiers and sailors at the fountain head of naval and military affairs, men who will get on with the war, and win it?

DOOM OF THE LAWYER-POLITICIAN.

THE NATION'S DEMAND FOR THE BUSINESS MAN.

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of *The Globe*).

This war is not only changing the face of the world, it is upsetting all the preconceived notions of politicians and economists. It has become a platitude to say that things will never be the same again. When peace dawns once more over the troubled earth it will find revolutions in the making. No one will be content to return to what was before the Huns arrogant challenge to civilisation, and least of all will the men who are fighting the battle of Humanity and Progress be ready to shake down under old methods, the old ways of looking at things, content to be governed by the old cliques. And in the great sweeping away of the old order, giving place to new, the doom of the lawyer-politician is proclaimed. He has had his day. His insincerity, his sophistry—making the best of all and any worlds, so that within the close corporation of his high-walled profession the layman paid and he gained, his hireling conscience, his easily bought brains—all will disappear before the strong light of a renewed public faith, before the determination to be done with the things that crippled national efficiency in peace, and jeopardised national victory in war.

Organisers for War.

Slowly, reluctantly, after months of waste, and weakness because of waste, the business men of the country have been called in, still half-heartedly and with hands tied, to help to redress the balance of the lawyer politician, to clear up his messes and muddles. War is a great business; war is organised destruction, not desultory killing. War is a science, and he who rejects the methods of the scientist and the management that only the man trained to organise can bring to bear, is courting failure. Thank God, our Government has learned the lesson before "Too late" was written over the portals of defeat. But the lesson which Mr. Asquith and his friends have understood at this advanced hour is one which is already burnt in upon the minds of the people. This, the greatest business Empire the world has ever known, has been run by men to whom business is not only a secret, but a shame. The men who by their splendid industry and organising skill have built up the great trades of Great Britain are, in the eye of the lawyer-politician, as the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Seated on the Olympian heights of self-satisfaction and professional pride, the lawyer has too long kept the man of affairs out of the councils of the nation; and to-day we have a Government of lawyers—of talkers and argufiers—whereas we should have a ministry of men of enterprise and trained initiative. Just those qualities that help to the making of a prince of industry are needed for the management of national affairs. Go where you will, talk with whom you will, and you find the same sentiments, hear the same strongly declared views. "We have done with the lawyer-politician; we have seen his tricks in times of peace, we have watched with dismay his deficiencies in times of war. Never again—we have done with him." We want business men to run this great Empire after the war, men free of the taint of political partisanship and of economic prejudice, strong in Imperial faith, ready and able to fashion anew our destinies and to refound our trade and commerce when the smoke of war is past and peace recalls us all to civil life and industrial endeavour.

British Empire Unlimited.

But while the country is determined to see the end of the lawyer-politician—the man who gains position by mere tricks of the tongue and holds it by the artifice of the advocate—it will need a good deal of sapping and mining to move him from his strongly entrenched position. He sees what is coming; he will make a big and combined movement to save himself. That deputation from the Chamber of Commerce to the Prime Minister the other day was eloquent alike of the desires and demands of the business men of the Empire, and of the fight which the lawyer-politician will put up before he is routed from the "dug outs" of Downing Street and Whitehall. Those who fight the big battles in the markets of the world are now seeking to form their battalions for the great struggle which peace will bring in its train no less surely than war. For the adequate defence of trade and employment within the Empire they want a Minister of Commerce—the first of the new portfolios, the advance guard, of a Business Government. Naturally they also desire that he shall be a business man and that he shall have the assistance of an advisory committee of business men—the Chairman and Board of Directors of British Empire Unlimited. That is a practical, a sane, and a moderate demand, if ever there was one, coming as it does from the men who are the backbone of our national strength, the core of our Imperial unity. But the Prime Minister was startled into query and protest by this deputation of the flower of our commercial and industrial world. "What do you mean by 'business' men?" asked the chief of the tribe of lawyers. He had his answer: "Men who are brought up in business, and who know the exigencies of business." "Not a lawyer I suppose?" came the retort from the Prime Minister, who—true to his caste and loyal to a profession, "adorned" by Lord Haldane, that knows no loyalty except to itself—proceeded to tell that distinguished gathering of commercial men that he had spent a great part of his life "in advising business men how to get out of difficulties"—men, be it said, whom he has now called in to get himself and his friends out of difficulties and perils innumerable. A truer way of putting it would have been that he, as a lawyer, had made his living in extricating honest men of business from the toils and intricacies of the law, which, but for the tricks of the law and of the Trade Union of Lawyers, would never have arisen. A thousand legal difficulties are created which, were it not for the artful codes of legal etiquette and professional conduct, could be swept aside, and honest men in honest dispute and disagreement could meet and settle their differences in an hour.

Minister of Commerce.

But while the Prime Minister, discerning the red light of legitimate national demand, was disposed to treat with a new respect the question of a Minister of Commerce, he persisted with a courage worthy of a big fee, in seeking to retain the lawyers' hold on offices of profit under the Crown. If there is to be a Commerce Minister he sees in the post another position for the discredited lawyer-politician. "I am not at all disposed," said the lawyer head of a lawyer Government, "to limit the holding of any office in this country to any particular class. . . . It is difficult to say where a business man begins and ends." My answer is that the average lawyer is not even the beginning of a business man, and the shame and the scandal is that most of the fat posts of Government are limited to that particular class known as the lawyer-politician. But I repeat, his days are numbered. The country has found him out. It is determined that the lawyer shall return to the Courts, and that the business of this great business people shall be controlled and organised by men who have proved their capacity in the varied fields of national endeavour, not by men whose chief gift is the gift of the gab and whose main asset is an agile and easy conscience.

TO ONE WHO DIED IN FRANCE.

MARCH. 1916.

By Walter Higgins.

No one knew you as I did. Even your poor old mother failed to understand you—was tremendously ignorant of the ins-and-outs of your character and your ways. And better so. Well do I remember the countless times you have come to me at the end of a tether; your words still ring in my ears—"For God's sake, don't let my mother know of this." It was the one arresting memory in your short but ill-spent life. And, friend of mine, if such as you can be saved, that memory will have gone far toward your redemption.

Never shall we know now why you turned out wrong. Everything was in your favour—home, father and mother, friends, circumstances of life—all, all. And yet—our hearts have ached to watch you stepping down and down, nay, leaping joyously further into the mire of sin and crime—our warnings, our entreaties, our cajolings silently ignored or openly laughed at.

Drunkard, profligate, thief; ready to injure your dearest friends, to steal from the man who found you starving and gave you to eat. What a catalogue!

And now it is all over. A little spit of fire some distance off, a dull pain, a sudden blindness, a clap of numbing dread at the heart; and you sank to your place on the ground—one among countless unknowns. No better now than they; and, thank God, no worse!

Men say you died wonderfully, that your magnificent courage on the field saved the lives of countless others, that but for you there would have been a bitter tale to tell.

Hot, blinding tears rush to my eyes when I think of it; you, the unspeakable "rotter," the worthless "cad," and worse, you, you gave gave your life for—a friend?—no, not for a friend, simply for a chance acquaintance, doubtless one whom you had cheated at cards or brutally assaulted in one of your fiendish passions.

A life of shame and misery: one crowning act of self-sacrifice. A sea of devilry; a drop of God-likeness. Can there be any balance? Can the splendour of the one outdo the squalor of the other? Who knows?

Who Knows?

A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

SOLDIER'S LAST PRAYER FALLS ON DEAF EARS.

Patrick Sullivan, having served twelve years in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, rushed back to the Colours at the call of war, and fought in France with an Ulster regiment until he was gassed and sent back, ill, to Ireland. Consumption seized him, but he got a bit better, and journeyed to Weymouth, to meet his brother, one of the Anzacs. Bad luck was his, for the brother had been sent back to Australia with a draft, four days before. Sullivan was stranded, but he struggled on, working at a picture palace, until consumption took another grip, left him penniless, and threw him into the workhouse infirmary. He knew he was dying, and he had but one fear, one dread. "Don't give me a pauper's grave!" was his prayer to the priest and the doctor. With these words on his white lips, the gallant, fighting Irishman's soul went to meet its God.

Sullivan's request was transmitted to the military authorities, but word came that a military funeral could not be granted. In the burial-ground of the workhouse lie the bones of Patrick Sullivan.

There is, now, some agitation at Weymouth because this soldier, who had lived and fought so well, should have come to the pauper's grave he feared. The Guardians are indignant, and think "some representation should be made to the military authorities." By all means. But we make the representation to the Guardians, to the doctor, the priest, and to all Weymouth, that each and all is and are to blame. The last prayer of that brave man, dying for his country a protracted and painful death, should have been granted. A few pounds would have sufficed. If Weymouth is too poor, our Fund would have shouldered the expense, for Sullivan's sake. As it stands, the name of Weymouth is stained.

SKUNKS IN COTTON-WOOL.

PEACE CRANKS PROTECTED BY POLICE.

Your sympathy is asked for the troop of London policemen who were actually employed to clear the streets, so that Clifford Allen and Fenner Brockway, two of the worst and most un-British peace-cranks, might hold one of their scandalous meetings in the Southgate Road Brotherhood Church, Kingsland. Men, numbers of whom were of military age, sneaked in by a side-door, while soldiers were barred and pushed away by policemen who hated the dirty work they were made to do.

Allen and Brockway are the nation's enemies, and their hole-and-corner meetings should be proclaimed. When we find, instead, a double cordon of police drawn across the road, so that they may mouth their mutinous vapourings in comfort, it is a crime against the State. The spectacle of a nation molly-coddling its traitors is enough to provoke ribald laughter from all the devils in the lowest deep.

As a cure for those who refuse to bear arms or to support the Government in the prosecution of a righteous war—finding for their poltroonery an excuse in Scripture, which they quote for their purpose with a facility classically ascribed to the Kaiser's Chief of Staff—may we suggest that they should be sent to the trenches for twenty-four hours, without the obligation to fire a shot? This would do no violence to their conscience—to the indulgence of which at the national expense, however, we certainly deny the right of any man.

SNIVELLING STUDENTS.

FUTURE PASTOR WHO WOU D STARVE 20,000,000 PEOPLE.

Quite a number of young men of Wales have been passed, at Bangor, for non-combatant service, the Mayor regretting that so many able and strong lads should be unwilling to serve their country. Among the mob were 35 divinity students, 18 coming from the Bala-Bangor Independent College, whose boss is President Rees. These jelly-fish students were mostly members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Bangor branch of which meets clandestinely in a restaurant, and they were evidently primed with answers and opinions previously framed for them. One young person, training to preach God's gospel, said—twice over—that, sooner than serve, he would prefer that our population of 20,000,000 should starve. And this thing of a worm (we apologise to every honest worm!) actually hopes one day to stand in the pulpit, and to preach the word of the Lord to some of the people whom he would willingly and cheerfully condemn to death by famine. Compared with such beings as this, the Buckinghamshire farmer who went to market and bought a few sheep, so that his son could be starred as a shepherd, might almost be called a patriot. One wonders what these "divinity students" should be called!

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.

OUR POPULARITY IN THE TRENCHES.

Here is another splendid letter from one of the boys "somewhere in France":—

> A few lines to tell you that, in spite of climatic adversities, our spirits are as high as ever. We feel it in some indescribable way that we are winning. I have been here pegging away since August, 1914, and have only been in my wife's company two days since August 5th, 1914, and do I grouse? Much as I love her and my two darling baby girls, no! The prospect of the great reward of a definite defeat of these Huns keeps my old heart at a few beats above normal. Your own optimism has brightened every hour of these past eighteen months. My devoted wife has never failed to let me have my John Bull every week since the outbreak of war. As she says, some women take Hall's Wine for a tonic—she takes John Bull; and if you saw the way she specially earmarks various articles in the paper every week, you'd laugh. For the many bright hours I have had I thank you, and more power to your *elbow*—it's an old motto, Success is the reward of perseverance in industry, eh?

A TALE OF A BOILER.

INTERMINABLE ROUTINE, RED TAPE AND RUST.

For over twelve months a correspondent has been supplying our troops on home and foreign service with certain foodstuffs which need not be mentioned. He has to enlarge his premises and lay down additional plant. He ordered a new boiler from a Glasgow firm. That boiler had been on rail at Selkirk Station for weeks, without doing him or anybody else any good, when he inquired about it. The firm said they could not give a permit to bring it to London until he got an official order. He therefore wrote to the Ministry of Munitions, and Mr. Lloyd George or somebody for him replied that he couldn't have the order until he proved he was doing war work. To save time he immediately started proof by visiting Armament House with the necessary papers, orders, correspondence, circulars and heaven knows what else. He had not a Cook's ticket and coupons for bed and board; yet he was taken on a long tour down corridors and through numerous rooms. Finally, the conductor of the tour led him to the official genius he wanted. Examining his papers, this genius said he would have to go before a Committee. He explained that the war wasn't yet finished, as far as he could make out, and that our "mutual" friend, Mr. Thomas Atkins, would peradventure need a few particles of sustenance until it did. Why hang about the premises until the Committee could find time to sit on him, or he to sit on the Committee?—the affair was so simple that a baby, or a young curate, or the office boy could manage it, or sentiments to that effect. No, explained the genius; he must have a Committee. There was a Committee for everything, and he really couldn't think of giving an order without one; also he would have to lay in another supply of forms for the special case; these he could get at the Red-Tape and Paper-Fastening Department, first corridor to the right, third to the left, and room number 950,000, round the corner, where he would find door 6 and bell-push 99, if he had any luck. On receiving this information we gather that he said "Good morning; God bless your happy home," and went away with a heavenly smile on his lips and raptures in his bosom. At the time of writing he is waiting for his boiler. He thinks it is still on rail, but for all he knows it may have been referred back to the boiler works for a new chalk mark for future identification, and a bow of new red tape to make it look pretty when it is dug out of the snow. What he wishes to know is, whether there is any chance of his getting that boiler before the war is over. If Mr. Lloyd George can do anything for the poor man, we hope he will do it.

A WOMAN OF WIRKSWORTH.

MOTHERS OF MEN ARE MAKERS OF NATIONS.

Mrs. Penson, of Wirksworth, has one boy maintained in a certain institution in Norfolk. She has seven other sons. They are in the Army. Without anybody to help her, she struggles along, managing a farm with 13 milking cows entirely by herself. The village constable says that she has great difficulty in earning a living. Things being so, the local authorities came to the conclusion that this fine woman was just the kind of person to serve a summons on to make her pay for the lad's maintenance in the institution. The School Attendance Officer spoke up for her in Court, and thought she could not afford to pay anything. She herself said that if the Bench made an Order she would have to sell up her stock. So the Bench made an Order. True, it was for but one shilling weekly, but God knows what difference a shilling a week will make to a lonely old lady like that. "I am 62 years of age, and cannot pay," she said, and as she left the Court "she had a despairing look." How, in the name of all that is merciful, could those Magistrates be deaf and blind to the plight of that magnificent mother? The shilling a week, the Chairman explained, was only "nominal." True, so far as the institution was concerned, the shilling was of no importance, was not needed. But it will drag that struggling woman below the poverty line. She must "sell up"—and she is 62, and seven of her sons are fighting for Britain and the Wirksworth Bench. Poor, splendid, "despairing," noble mother!

A CORONER'S CRUEL COMMENTS.

WIDOWER'S GRIEF AND "CROWNER'S" CALLOUS LEVITY.

Mr. Appleby, the Newcastle-on-Tyne Coroner, must be either callous in his nature or careless in his utterances, if we take as a criterion the comments he made at a recent inquest which he conducted. The story told by the principal witness was a pitiful one. His wife, who was 57 years of age, had been intemperate for the past 15 years, and he had been parted from her twice on account of her drunken habits. Since June, 1915, she had been drinking heavily, and occasionally her mind seemed affected. She had, unfortunately, repeatedly been convicted for drunkenness. On the day before she disappeared, a policeman called at the house during her absence, and left a summons for her to appear at a local police-court on another similar charge. When she saw the notice, she declared that she would not be there. Two days later, her body was recovered from the River Tyne, she "having apparently drowned herself whilst under the influence of drink." While this man, a munitions works labourer, was telling the story, he strived to keep from breaking down, but towards the end he was unable to control his feelings and tears came to his eyes. "I don't understand what you are grieving about," remarked the caustic Coroner, turning to the grief-stricken man. "I don't see that there is any further need for snivelling." "She was such a good wife to me for 22 years, and reared a good family before she got into bad company and took to drink," replied the husband. "I thought you would have been glad she had gone," was the closing comment of Mr. Appleby. Even if that were the learned Coroner's own private opinion, surely it should have been left unexpressed in the presence of the man who had lost his wife in such sad and tragic circumstances, and who felt his position so keenly.

CONVICT-MADE.

DUMPING GROUND FOR FOREIGN PRISON-LABOUR.

Our Trade Unions object to competition by the sale of goods made in British prisons, but they raise no voice against the dumping here of that class of goods from anywhere abroad. Much of it is imported quite openly, and we are told that Manchester is a prominent customer for it. As an illustration we are shown a pair of "gent's half-hose," part of a consignment from the U.S.A. They were nicely packed and boarded between slips of shaped cardboard, printed with two legends "Extra Heavy Heels and Toes"—which may or may not be of importance—and "Convict-Made," which is. The stuff comes in duty free, because we are blessed with Free Trade. It is cheap, horribly cheap compared with native goods, and is therefore imported by unpatriotic and money-grabbing citizens and placed on the market to undersell our own manufacturers. Because it comes from abroad, from a foreign prison, the "Convict-Made" article is welcome. And the Trade Unions and the Cobden Club have not a voice to raise in protest.

A RYDE VETERAN.

REFUSAL THAT WAS NOT "ALL ISLE OF WIGHT."

John Coombes, of Ryde, is 75. We must not give away a lady's age, so we simply say that his wife and he are both Old Age Pensioners. But they find 10s. a week not enough to keep body and soul together; prices are so high. John, therefore, manfully applied in Court for permission "to go round the town with a gramophone, because it would be a great deal better than going to the workhouse." Up arose the Chief Constable in his might and majesty. Coombes, he said, "had been to him several times, and he had refused him. He should go on refusing him permission to beg in the borough." We fancy we see that gallant, humane Chief, officially blasting the hopes of the old fellow, and shutting his eyes and ears to all the hurdy-gurdies and organs in Ryde. As poor old Coombes said, "It was cruel, very cruel!" For he did not seek permission to beg; he wanted permission merely to live.

Home comes first.

See page ii of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia.

Sir,—I need not canvass the significance of your visit to us at this juncture, nor would you wish me to indulge in trite expressions of welcome. I fancy you have a good deal to teach us, and in your first public speeches you have made an excellent start. I am entirely at one with you in your view that "we must tear out the cancer of German influence," and I am glad that you have come to set this practical ideal before us. I understand that commercial companies in Australia have received three months' notice to clear out every German shareholder, whether naturalised or not. In your end of the world, patriotism is evidently a Business proposition. We have lots to learn.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.

Dear Lord Derby,—I shall require a good deal to convince me that you will be false to the pledge you gave the married men. It was because they trusted you, and relied upon your word, that they volunteered for military service in such splendid numbers. It was you who stood bail for the pledge of the Prime Minister that the men with wives would not be called up until all the single men had been mobilised. Play the game, my Lord, and make the Cabinet do the right thing. If they won't, shame them into justice.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Reginald,—How are you getting along with your Budget preparations? Of course, it's all a dead secret, but I fancy that among the new taxes in the running I could spot some winners. On the whole, I think you have perhaps been less of a failure in your present position than in any office you have previously occupied, but I am certainly not counting upon you for anything in the shape of original ideas. Should you, however, determine upon a vigorous plunge, I shall be glad to afford you any advice or assistance in my power. The back numbers of this journal contain quite a lot of sound recipes for taxation without tears.

John Bull.

To N. Pemberton Billing, Esq., M.P.

My Dear "P. B."—Hearty congratulations on your splendid victory. As your parliamentary trainer, I am proud of your running in the East Herts race. The odds were against you, but pluck and grit—truly British qualities—rarely fail; and your wonderful majority is a much-needed warning to the Government. You have won a great personal triumph, and I am proud to have played a part in introducing you to public life. And now that you are in Parliament, if we cannot have that "nest of hornets" to meet the Zepps, you will see that we have a few "night hawks"! By the way, first seat to the left as you go in. Kindly keep it warm till I join you.

John Bull.

To Arthur Lynch, M.P.

Sir,—I have noticed that you lose no opportunity that the forms of the House of Commons afford you to attack Lord Kitchener. Your last speech was a deplorable exhibition of bad taste; and, coming from a man who fought against the King's Army in the South African War, it was scandalous. I know as well as you do that the politicians have robbed Lord Kitchener of most of his power. It is also true that when he went to Gallipoli the Cabinet "stole from him a great part of his authority." But the nation believes in Lord Kitchener—and with good reason. Did they but know how he has been treated, they would make short work of those men who have done their best to drive him from power. And if you have any sense of manliness, cease your vulgar attacks, and help—not hinder—the War Secretary in his great work.

John Bull.

To Messrs. Armour and Co., Ltd., Meat Packers, Weston Street, Bermondsey.

Gentlemen,—There is more than a smell of Sinclair's old "Jungle" in the Tower Street Police Court revelation about that 103 tons of pork. It is all very well for the learned and melancholy Muir to plead that though you were connected with "the famous Armour and Co., of Chicago," you had a twenty years' good character, and that the condition of the rubbish, eventually sold by the Health Committee of Wandsworth for making sanitary soap, was due to the state of the labour market and the long voyage it had across the Atlantic; but you rebrined it in London to save its life, and when it was nosed out by the Inspector you pleaded that it was intended for export to the West Coast of Africa for the delectation of niggers there. You will excuse me taking that story with a bit of brine. I am glad the Inspector took no chances and captured the lot when he did, or other elements besides the pork and the niggers might have been in a bad pickle—and the nursery, the lavatory, and the wash-tub might have run short of superfatted soap. Happily, all's well that ends well.

John Bull.

To George Wright, Esq., J.P., Police Court, Acton.

Dear Sir,—From a report before me, I gather you were the Chairman of Magistrates when two fussy, idiotic policemen summoned before you one Worman, of Short Road, Chiswick, for selling and delivering, or allowing to be sold and delivered, inebriating refreshment in an unsealed vessel—to wit, a bottle—to a person under the age of fourteen years. Police-Sergeant 3T caught the lad leaving the premises with the said bottle, and got P.C. 453T to assist him; the bottle contained ale, and the neck of the same was covered with a label, but because the label was wet and had come unstuck at one end, they concocted this frivolous and absurd charge. Apparently, the notion of their brilliant brains was that it was not sufficient for the salesman to lick the label and stick it on, but that he ought to have sat on the bottle and kept it warm until the gum dried. Though I noticed you expressed the opinion that the defendant had "tried to obey the law," you mulcted him in the costs; you ought to have made the two policemen pay the costs and, in addition, sentenced them to a three months' feed of thistles.

John Bull.

To the Very Rev. H. Hensley Henson, D.D., Dean of Durham.

My Dear Dean,—With your robust views upon the question of total abstinence, with special reference to the existing liquor restrictions, I find myself in warm agreement, and I congratulate you upon the firm stand you have taken in opposition to the stated views of prelates of high degree. As you well remind us, "Drunkenness is the enemy, not that reasonable and moderate consumption of alcohol which has ever formed the habit of self-respecting men in these latitudes and probably always will." Threatened as we are with a carnival of crankydom, this sane pronouncement is excellently timed, and should have a wholesome effect. I shall hope to hear from you again.

John Bull.

To Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

Dear Lord Montagu,—Upon your pet theme of aviation you are always interesting and generally convincing, and your recent speech in the House of Lords was no exception to the rule. In my judgment your demand for a separate Air Ministry is entirely justified, and I deplore the reluctance of the Government to face the logic of a troublesome situation. Obviously, the problems of aerial defence and attack are matters for expert adjustment, and now that we have an air expert in the House, why should there be any further delay?

John Bull.

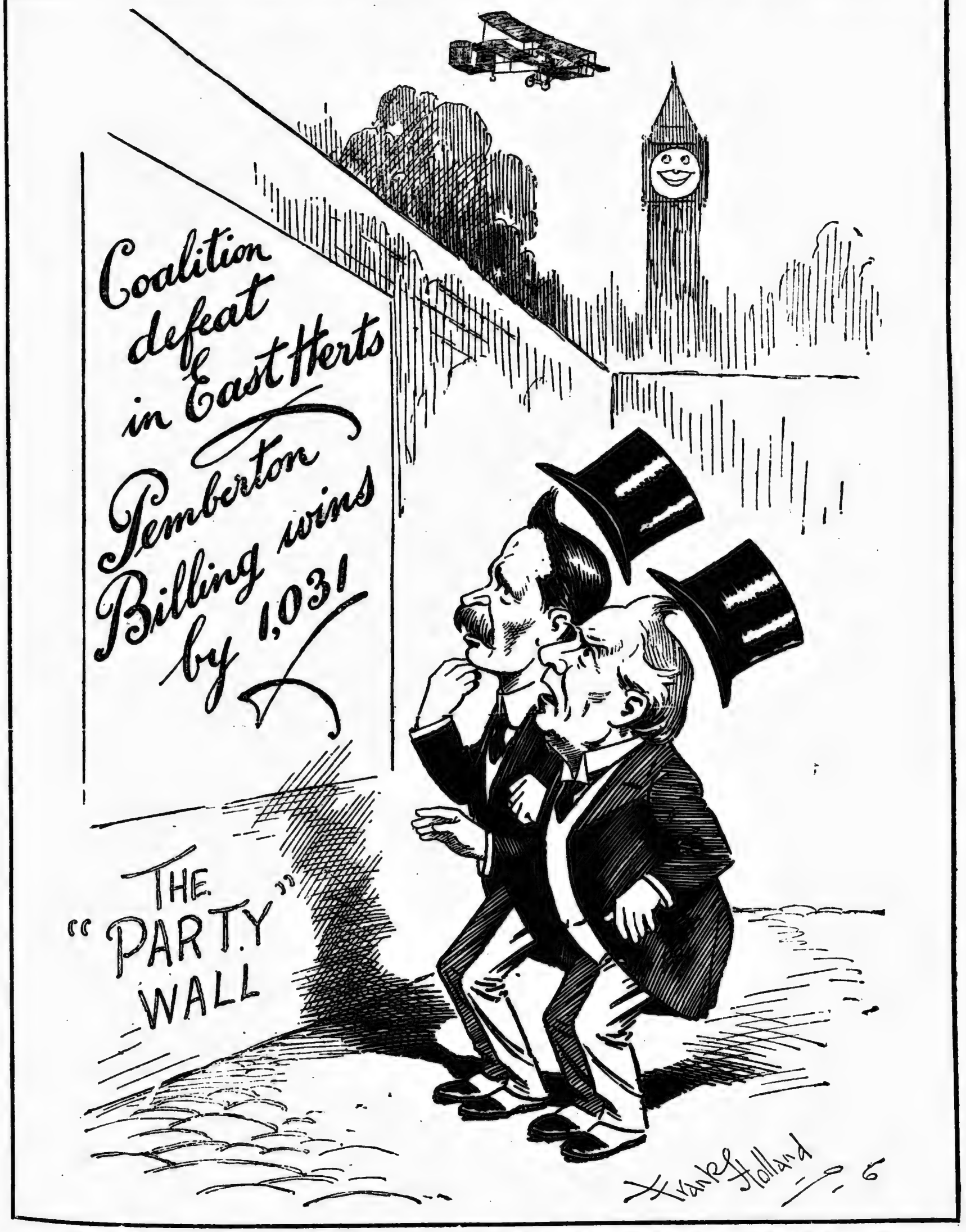
To Gustav Schuroff, c/o Gotscher and Co., Birmingham.

Dear Direktor,—I note that the other day you were fined £50 and costs for offending against the emergency laws of the realm by taking rubber to Liverpool Quay for shipment abroad. Desiring to give the pleasing fact greater publicity, I hereby take the opportunity to express my satisfaction that, notwithstanding your business astuteness, they Gotcher.

John Bull.

A simple way to make money—make "Bullets."

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



The Party muddlers stand aghast,
Their "Master's Voice" has spoken:
The reign of "Wait and See" is past,
And Party's power is broken.

MRS. TOMMY'S ALLOWANCE.

MONSTROUS PROPOSAL OF AN EXETER GUARDIAN.

At a recent meeting of the Exeter Board of Guardians, the Chairman, Mr. A. B. Edwards, proposed a resolution that the Government should be strongly urged to withhold, say, 20 per cent. of the allowances paid to the wives and families of soldiers and sailors during the war, the accumulated sum to be paid in weekly instalments on their return to civil life. The pretext for this monstrous proposal was the old familiar slander, repeated so often in so many places, that the wives of our soldiers and sailors are spending their allowances in drink, waste and extravagance. These allegations we have over and over again denounced as the slander of Messrs. Chadband, Stiggins, Grundy and Co.. the notorious firm of Pharisees, pumpuritans and prevaricators. Soldiers' wives here and there do get drunk, are wasteful, live immoral lives, and neglect their children; but there are thousands on thousands of soldiers' wives and female dependents—an overwhelming many—who ought not to be suspect and made to suffer for the misdoings of a scattered few. Apart from the fact that the allowance is earned payment—and having regard to the service and sacrifice of those in whose name and on whose behalf it is made is inadequate payment—the Government has as little moral right or justification in compulsorily withholding 20 or any other per cent. of it as it would have in withholding a percentage of the soldiers' fighting wages. As "A Soldier's Wife" puts it to us, the Chairman and his colleagues of the Exeter Guardians "appear to imagine that soldiers' wives have nothing to do with their allowance except squander it on luxuries and drink. They forget that, though our men are away, the landlord expects the rent and the rate collector the rates just the same as when our men are home, and with the cost of living almost double, we have most of us quite enough to do to make both ends meet. If we have 20 per cent. taken off, it will mean either starvation for us or an accumulation of debt and disaster for our men to meet when they come home." The case against the resolution of the Exeter Guardians could not be put in a stronger or a better way.

THE SMACK-OWNER'S STORY.

TOLL TAKEN BY SUBMARINES—GOVERNMENTAL DELAY.

Grave complaint comes from Somewhere on the East Coast, where the loss of fishing smacks by submarine attack has been keenly felt—and desperately resented. For the owners claim that the protection afforded them is not properly exercised. There are patrol boats, out only in daylight, which hug the coast while the smacks are destroyed 30 to 40 miles out at sea. The smacks which have been lost during the past twelve months, from one township only, amount to a number surprising to a landsman. They are insured under the Government scheme, by premiums paid monthly in advance, but not one claim has yet been paid. That is also surprising to a landsman—and to a seaman, especially when he is the victim.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

Birmingham Daily Mail (Advertisement):—
"Sparkbrook.—Sitting Room and 2 Bed Rooms, use of bath with widow, with or without attendance."

Daily Express (February 29th, 1916) (Heading):—
"A Year ago to-day."

Woodford Times:—
"Suddenly he saw deceased lean sideways and his fat fell off."

Clacton News (Advertisement):—
"Front Sitting and Bedrooms, well-furnished; piano and bath; homely; suit officer and wife or married couple."

Northern Chronicle (Inverness):—
"Sheep-stealing was a serious crime in these parts, because it was one of the main industries of the farming community."

THE BUSINESS GOVERNMENT LEAGUE.

Object:

To re-organise the Government of the country by placing it on a Business basis—the head of each Department of the State to be an Expert in the work of such Department; the abolition of the present Party system, and the replacing of the lawyer-politicians by men of practical training and experience.

President:

Horatio Bottomley (Editor of "John Bull").

The above League is now in active course of formation—with a view to being in working order by the end of the war, when, at the next General Election, it is proposed to run several non-Party candidates for Parliament. Certain constituencies have already been provisionally selected, and suitable candidates are being secured.

There can be no question that the general public are thoroughly tired of the old political system of government. The muddle and unpreparedness of our war arrangements have been the final disillusionment; and it is now recognised on all hands that if, after the termination of hostilities, we are to capture and retain the trade which Germany has been filching from us in the past, and are to recoup ourselves for all the cost and suffering of the present struggle, the lawyers and philosophers must give way to men of practical Business knowledge and experience. The whole of our public departments will have to be thoroughly reorganised, and the House of Commons must become the Business Committee of the Empire. We must have a real and not a bogus "Board of Trade," representative of both capital and labour, and watching the ever fluctuating currents of industry and commerce. We must have fewer "Bills" and more real *Acts* of Parliament.

Members may now be enrolled, and a great Public Meeting, under the auspices of the League, will be held at an early date—when its aims and policy will be fully explained. Cards of membership will admit to such meeting.

A Conference will also be convened, for the election of Vice-Presidents, Auditors, Treasurer and other officials.

It is intended to establish branches of the League throughout the country. One such branch has already been formed in North-East London—and numbers eight thousand members.

The subscription is One Shilling per annum, but members desirous of rendering the League further financial assistance may do so by way of special donation towards its funds.

Readers of John Bull desirous of joining the League should fill up and forward to the Secretary the following coupon:—

.....

To the Secretary,

Business Government League,

8, Broad Court Chambers,

London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a member of the League.

I enclose Postal Order for One Shilling in payment of annual subscription.

I also enclose £ : : as a special donation to the funds.

Name .....

Address .....

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Description .....

"J.B.," 18.3.16.

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The mastery of the piano which my System will give you is unattainable by the slow and laborious "practice" methods, even though you spend years in diligent drudgery.

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Acidity caused by undigested food is very injurious to the system, and gives rise to many unpleasant and sometimes alarming symptoms. A fancied weakness of the heart may be due solely to indigestion.

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, are a simple, harmless, yet most effective remedy for digestive troubles. They absorb and remove acidity, and give instant relief even in chronic cases of Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, &c. Thousands of sufferers testify that they have derived the greatest benefit from their use even when all other remedies proved of no avail.

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The case of Mrs. A. Flockhart, of 115B, Greenfield Street, Alloa, N.B., is interesting as showing that grown-up people may sometimes contract whooping-cough, and is also a striking example of the wonderful power of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure to overcome that terrible complaint.

Mrs. Flockhart says:—"The first time I used Veno's was for my little boy, Pharic, when he had caught cold. He was only a few months old at the time, and the cough troubled him a good deal. However, he soon got well when I gave him Veno's. Then when he had turned three he had whooping-cough. It was an extremely severe attack, and shook the poor little child terribly, but again Veno's cured him. People say whooping-cough must run its course; I'm sure that can't be right, for Pharic got relief from Veno's almost at once, and in three weeks was completely cured.

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Mrs. Flockhart and Children.

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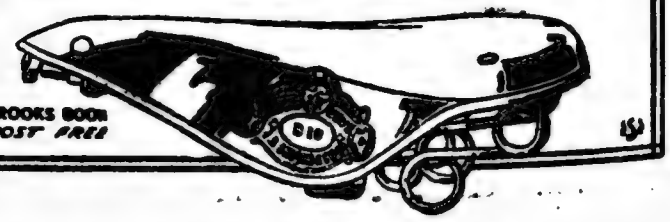

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

COLONEL WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mo'nin', Colonel. Pleased to see you lookin' so well. Life at the front suits you. . . . . *Glad somebody's glad to see you back?* Well, sir, I cert'n'y am pleased ter see you—in a way; but I think it would 'ave bin better fur you and a good many more if you 'adn't come 'ome jest yet. I understood you'd give up pollertics an' gorn into the Army fur the juration of the wore. An' w'en I read you'd bin promoted Colonel I thought to meself, well, 'e's stickin' it, an' p'r'aps 'e'll be a full-blown General before we've finally put the kybosh on the Kayser. But 'ere you are 'ome again, an' upsettin' things orlready! But, like yer farther, you orlways was a sorter stormy petrol. But this time I *do* reckon you've put yer foot in it—right over the ankle. . . . *Don't I agree that Lord Fisher should go back to the Admiralty?* Corse I do. I've sed so 'undreds o' times. But you buttin' in like wot chew did larst week 'as jest about put the lid on that. You're the larst man wot oughter demand Jack Fisher's recall. Wosn't chew more or less responsible fur 'im goin' in the first place? . . . . Oh, it wos you wot insisted on 'im comin' back w'en the wore broke out, wos it? Very well, then. That showed your good sense at the time. But if you wanted 'im so bad, 'ow wos it chew didn't git on with 'im? W'y did jew round on 'im in the 'Ouse jest before you joined the Army? You made a nasty attack on 'im, w'ich 'e wos man enough not to arnswer. Now you come back from the front with wot chew call a clearer mind, and arsk the Guv'ment to 'ave back the man wot chew more or less blackguarded. It ain't consistent. . . . That's orl very well, sir; but don'chew see you've gorn the very way to work to *prevent* 'im comin' back? Jew think a man like Jacky Fisher would care to take up 'is job again on *yore* recommendation? Jew think 'e's likely to 'ave fergot 'ow you tried to injure 'im? You carn't put a thing like that right by comin' down to the 'Ouse an' confessin' that yore mind is clearer now. If it's clearer now, wot wos the matter with it before? . . . Oh, *a figger o' speech*, wos it? Well, we'll let it go at that, sir. But fur my part I should say yore mind ain't quite so clear now as wot it wos then. . . . *'Ow do I make that out?* W'y, you must 'ave bin a bit muddle-'eaded to come 'ome, leave yer military jooties, come down to the 'Ouse, an' lay yerself open to the 'orrible trouncin' wot Balfour gave yer. You must 'ave known 'ow 'e would be able to turn on yer. You forced 'im to disclose facks wot it wos jest as well to keep dark, sich as 'avin' used the new Dreadnoughts' guns to arm the moniters, and 'avin' got 'eavy guns from America. There wosn't no need to tell the 'Uns orl thet—fur thet's wot it amounts to. W'y you deliberately come 'ome an' lay yourself open to sich a bastin' at Balfour's 'ands abserlootly puzzles me. . . . *Sacrificed yore own feelin's fur the sake of gittin' Fisher back?* Wot nonsense! Jew think yore word would 'ave any weight at this time o' day? Tell you wot, chew've queered the pitch of them wot really *did* an' *do* want Jack back. . . Wot's thet—*suppose you didn't want Fisher back arfter orl, an' thort this wos the best way o' stoppin' them wot did?* Git out! You're clever, I know—in a way; but I don't reckon you're quite as clever as that. Enny'ow, if thet *wos* yore game, you've pulled it orf, at the cost of makin' a pritty lookin' sorter fool of yerself in the 'Ouse. . . . W'y don't chew let pollertics alone, now? You're in the Army. Let the Navy be, if you carn't do no better'n you done larst week. . . . Orl right, Colonel. Thank you, sir, much obliged. . . . Goo' day, sir. Had him there!

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

MORE "ECONOMY."

Mr. McKenna: Well, all I can say is, that what with one thing and another I'm being made to look an utter fool. You are not giving me the backing I'm entitled to, Asquith.

Mr. Asquith: You are taking your job so frightfully seriously, Reggie. 'Pon my word, if I'd thought you were going to be so confoundedly conscientious I'm by no means sure I should have put you forward for the Exchequer.

Mr. McKenna (*angrily*): Look here, Asquith, you can't shunt me as you do the question of Members' salaries. How can I put any ginger into my job while the House of Commons and the Government are costing the country something like £300,000 a year in salaries alone?

Mr. Asquith: For the last time, let me repeat that I take my salary and I mean to continue to take it.

Mr. McKenna: Yes, and by taking it you compel every other member of the Cabinet to do the same. How can I decently threaten to reduce Old Age Pensions while we are drawing £4,000 a year each?

Mr. Asquith: That's *your* trouble. Don't bother me with these trivialities.

Mr. McKenna: The public don't consider them trivialities, I assure you. Look at the nasty comments there have been about that disgusting exhibition of luxurious motor cars at the Economy Meeting at the Guildhall. The general public are not utter fools, you know—since the war, at any rate. There'll be trouble if we're not careful.

Mr. Asquith: You're out of spirits, my boy. You're taking a gloomy view. I'm still prepared to back the proverbial stupidity of the people. If we couldn't rely on that—well, we politicians could shut up shop.

Mr. McKenna: It's easy to be cynical, but look at that utterly idiotic action of the National Gallery Trustees the other day. If one of them, Lord Lansdowne, was not a member of the Government, it wouldn't have been so bad. But to pay £3,000 for a Dutch picture which nobody cares a damn about, and send the money to Holland while I am urging the people to put less sugar in their tea, was simply asinine. £3,000 for another picture for Yankee tourists to gape at and guess and calculate about! Lansdowne ought to be downright ashamed of himself, and *you* are not altogether free from blame.

Mr. Asquith: What do you mean? I'm not one of the Trustees.

Mr. McKenna: I was referring to that extravagant wedding the other day, with its profusion of priceless jewels, described at nauseating length in the Press. D'you think the man in the street doesn't note these things? I tell you, what with one thing and another, I am being handicapped right and left.

Mr. Asquith: Don't be so absurd! If the people won't economise and invest in War scrip, you merely have to tax them instead. They will pay. They always do. They may grumble, but they'll pay. The British public are like that. No Chancellor of the Exchequer could have a more docile people than the British to deal with.

Mr. McKenna: Before the war, perhaps. But the best part of them are either soldiers to-day, or going to be to-morrow, and are beginning to think for themselves as they've never thought before. How do you think the Party game will go after the war?

Mr. Asquith (*impatiently*): Oh, wait and see!

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

A little trouble saves a big trouble. **See page ii of cover.**

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The other day we had an application on behalf of a soldier's widowed mother, who is a cripple, and has a son in the same condition. The husband was killed abroad, and blow after blow fell upon the family. We have helped.

A soldier's widow, with three little children and no income, was overtaken by illness and could not work. Kindly neighbours gave her a little help in the way of food, but she had no money for other necessaries until she approached us.

Numerous men are discharged from the Service with strained hearts, caused by the necessarily severe course of training. When the men have broken down at home, they are sent from the Army with no allowances, and returned to their families. A long rest is usually necessary, during which the men and their families are frequently in a terrible plight. We relieved no fewer than nine such cases during the week.

The wife of a discharged soldier sent us a piteous appeal. The man, developing consumption during his training, was discharged, and is now at death's door. There are five little children in the home, which was famine-stricken until the poor woman thought of our Fund, and wrote to us.

Another soldier broke down during training and was discharged. When he recovered, he re-enlisted, as he was determined if possible to help us against the Huns. Unfortunately, he again had to give in, and was sent back to civil life. He is unable to work, and has a family of six young children. We came to the rescue.

A young man enlisted and died while training. His widow's allowance was cut off, according to Regulations, and she naturally felt the pinch. To make matters worse, a little stranger arrived. She had no money coming in, and has only one friend, who appealed to us on her behalf. We immediately did what we could.

For once a flower of romance has appeared in the garden of woes. Some time ago we had an appeal from a girl whose sweetheart was killed in France, where he was sent before he could carry out his intention of having the marriage celebrated—as is only too common. The poor girl gave birth to a child, and she did not find the world too friendly. One of our chaps at the front wrote to us asking to be put in touch with such a case. We sent the brave fellow particulars, and are glad to know that the persons concerned are now man and wife. We are sure they have the best wishes of all our readers.

A soldier was invalided out of the Service, unable to work. He got into debt, and the brokers were in his house when he appealed to us. We saved his humble home.

Another man was discharged from the Army, unfit for further service, owing to gunshot wounds. His discharge took place several months ago, and during the intervening period it is likely that the Chelsea Pensions Commissioners have been scratching their heads and wondering what scale of pension they will grant the poor fellow, who has five little children. In the meantime, the family was in great distress, having to live on a few shillings a week granted by one of the official funds. We sent some help, which we hope will keep things going until the pension is fixed.

A woman gave her husband and son to the Army, and they were both sent to France. The lad contracted frozen feet, owing to the rigours of the winter trench warfare. Swiftly following this information came an official letter stating that the husband had been badly wounded with shrapnel. The unfortunate woman was already ill, and the further sad news did not improve her condition. She was, too, in sore straits financially—so we made her a grant.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Collected on the s.s. *Appam*" (per H.G.H.), £2 10s; "Post and Telegraph Staff of Queenstown, S. Africa" (per P. B.), £5; R. W., 5s.; L. C., 2s.; H. E. W., 1s.; E. E. H. (Bristol), 10s.; "A South African Railway Guard," 5s.; A. E. P., £1; J. O., 5s.; "Mrs. Smith," 15s.; "Mavily," 5s.; H. W., 6d.; "A Few Subscribers, H.M.S. "*Seahorse*" (per A. B. N.), 12s. 6d.; B. D., 5s.; "Just a Soldier's Mother," 2s. 6d.; "Searchlight," 2s.; T. E., 2s. 6d.; "Three Weeks' Collection, C.P.S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 16s.; Sgt. H., 1s.; "Soldier's Mother" (Canterbury), 2s. 6d.; "Tommy's Wife," 6d.; Mrs. R. K., 10s.; "X.X.X.," 2s. 6d.; T. B. (Manchester), 2s.; "Ward Room Officers and Engine-Room Dept., H.M.S. *Swift*" (5th Subscription), £1 10s. 8d.; "Bruce," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. P., 10s.; E. M. (Dorset), 1s.; Dart Motor Transport Co., Ltd., £1 1s.; "Birdie," 1s.; Lt. McL., 1s. 5d.; W. J. R., 1s.; J. H., 6d.; F. A. L., 1s.; M. D., 1s.; J. H. B., 1s. 6d.; Cpl. C. V., £5; M. W., 2s. 6d.; J. D., 1s.; A. B., 1s. 6d.; E. M. A., 2s. 6d.; "The Idiot," 1s.; Mrs. J. W. T., 1s.; J. M., 5s.; C. M. W. (Campbelltown), 2s. 6d.; A. A., £3 3s.; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden Junction," 10s.; M. P., 10s.; T. B., 1s.; "Still Happy," £1; W. B. G. (per E. D. B.), 10s. 6d.; "Rae," 10s.; F. and E., 2s.; H. R. F., 1s.; "Officers and Men of H.M.S. *Bourne*" (per J. F.), £2; T. W. T., 1s.; A. McC., 6d.; A. N., 10s.; E. S., 6d.; M. E., 1s.; J. G., 5s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; C. F. B., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 6d.; G. W. (Hull), 5s.; F. C., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Collected on Board H.M.T. *Norman Monarch*" (per A. B. W.), £10; A. S., 10s.; "European Engine Drivers, Kuala Lumpur Shed, F.M.S. Rlys" (3rd Subscription), £2 11s. 8d.; "An A. S. C. Clerk," 5s.; A. B., 1s.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Dorking), 10s.; J. A. C. (Spain), £2; A. T., 1s.; "Invicta," 10 francs; "Dai Kway," 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

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MIDDLETON-ST.-GEORGE.—Mr. R. Cockton, Station Master, Dinsdale Street, 3s.

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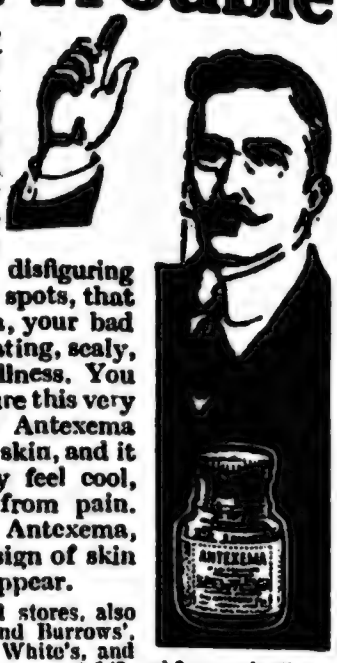

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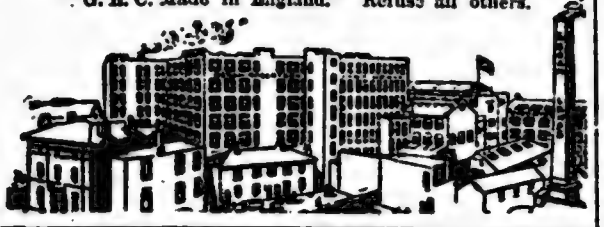

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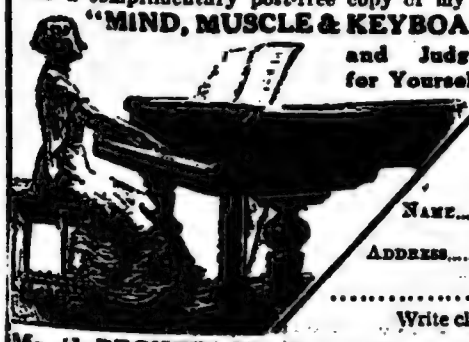

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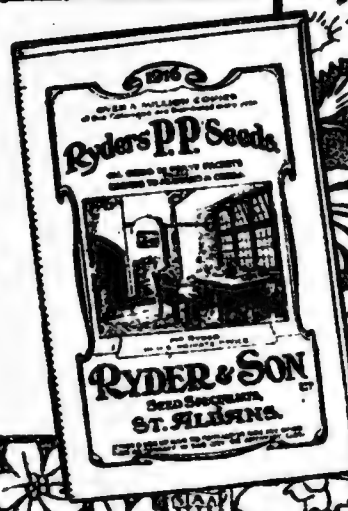


It costs you less

Milkmaid Cream is not only valuable to you because of its guaranteed purity, its delicious richness of flavour and its complete nutriment; it is valuable to you because it gives you *more for your money* than any other cream.

In a 7d. tin of 'Milkmaid' you get 5½ oz. of pure, thick cream—in a 6d. jug of '*Preserved*' Cream only 3½ oz.

Milkmaid Cream sales exceed those of all other tinned creams combined—*and no wonder!*

MILKMAID CREAM

Can be "Whipped" but can't be beaten.

Cash Price, 5½d., 7d. and 11½d. per tin, of all Grocers, &c.

Write for free copy of "All about Cream"
—interesting Booklet with over 70 recipes.

BEWARE of cream containing a preservative and packed to closely imitate "Milkmaid."

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO. 6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

CHEAPER than ASPIRIN

BETTER than ASPIRIN

URILLAC Brings Instant Relief

Rheumatism is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken.

But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated *through the blood*. The Uric Acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

URILLAC

THE CERTAIN CURE FOR:—

Urillac effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease. Urillac is supplied in handy, portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Parkes' Drug Stores, at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free from

THE URILLAC CO.,
164, Piccadilly, London, W.

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and All Uric Acid Ailments and Pains

FREE SAMPLE.—*Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.*

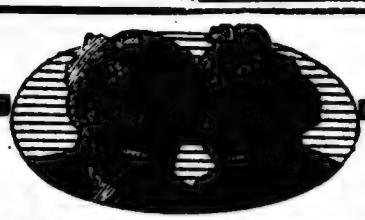
Why Suffer from a Chest Cold?

You can get rid of it so easily. By using Chameleon Oil you gain immediate relief, and soon all soreness entirely disappears. No need to rub till your skin becomes sore, for when you apply Chameleon Oil, gently does it. Goes straight to the exact spot where the trouble is and drives it away. There's nothing in the world a quarter as good. No home should be without a bottle. It removes aches and pains like magic. The best gift for your soldier friend in the trenches.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 2d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.



"ZEPTO" makes pearly teeth.

Our teeth are still sound, and what a blessing at our age. A "ZEPTO" Pencil used periodically after we have cleansed our teeth in the usual way removes the Tartar that the tooth-brush never reaches. It prevents decay and consequent unpleasant breath. You will be delighted to see how pearly white "ZEPTO" can keep your teeth.

"ZEPTO" the Antiseptic Tartar Remover, should be used by everybody.

Lasts many months—costs but 9d. Use it always for dental plates.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from—

THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. J.B.) Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

"SEPTUM"

Treasury Note Case

(Registered.)

Has Two Compartments and is the only one which prevents the possibility of tendering

£1 Notes for 10/-

Obtainable from all Stationers & Fancy Goods Dealers or Post Free from the Manufacturers

1/- Cloth 1/6 Canvas 2/- & 2/6 Leather

HARROP'S Ltd., PARADISE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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By sketching, and increase your income. Our booklet B, a free lesson in itself, shows you how. Write to-day to Secretary,

A.B.C. SCHOOL OF DRAWING, 210, Strand, W.C.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

The "FLIGHT COMMANDER"

wants a Cigarette that doesn't make him "nervy" no matter how many he may smoke. This is really what every Service man can get with "Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes." They are round, large (but not too large), choice Virginia Cigarettes; the same size and quality are usually sold at 1/- for 20, but these are only 9d. for 20.

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries. (Established 1775.)
Obtainable of Branches of A. BAKER & CO., Ltd., and other High-class Tobacconists.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

THE COWARDS' CORPS.

We are glad to learn that "conscientious objectors" are to be placed in a special non-combatant corps. This will obviate the scandal of such slackers being attached to the Army Medical Service or some other non-fighting body, and receiving higher pay than those men who live in the trenches and risk their lives hourly—indeed, they are, quite properly, to get less than the valiant Tommy, as no "working" or "proficiency" pay will be granted to them. The announcement will be welcomed by the original men of the non-combatant units, who were forced to join them by physical incapacity for fighting, and naturally deeply resented the idea of having dumped upon them the creatures in whom Nature has not implanted a spark of manhood. We hope, if no special uniform is assigned to them—say, of Quaker grey—they will have a distinctive badge easily recognisable by the public. We suggest a white feather on each arm, and the motto on the cap, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

WOUNDED IN PICCADILLY.

Five wounded men were walking in St. James's Park the other day when they were pulled up by a Staff Captain, to whom they had failed to give the ordinary compliment beyond looking at him. He ordered them to stand at attention and salute him—two of the men being on crutches, another couple hit in the shoulders and arms, the fifth making his way with the aid of a stick. A small crowd collected, and when the men explained to the popinjay bully that they had been badly wounded he barked at them, "I have been wounded three times." A member of the crowd remarked, in a loud voice, "Yes, probably in Piccadilly." When will an end be put to such pettifogging?

OUR NEW OFFICERS.

We hailed with much satisfaction the decision of the War Office to choose officers in future from among the most intelligent classes of the rank and file. We cannot, however, understand why Cadet Commanders who apply for commissions are refused and told to join up as Privates. The matter might be worth Mr. Tennant's consideration.

THE MAJOR HAS LEARNED.

An officer with the rank of Major left England before the outbreak of war to take up a ranch in California. When, however, he thought his King and country needed him, he returned home, at a cost of £150, to tender his sword and services. He was jockeyed about at the War Office for about a fortnight, and finally was offered a commission as a Second Lieutenant—his immediate superior, had he accepted, being a solicitor's clerk, recently appointed. The Major has returned to California, thinking that the call he thought he heard was no more substantial than that which came to Joan of Arc.

THEIR WELL-EARNED REST!

The boys of the 29th Division, with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, write to us concerning the fine rest they have been enjoying since they evacuated Suvla Bay. They were taken to a place where they carried out heavy defence work and were then ordered to another. This is their daily "rest":—Parades from 6.45 a.m. to 8 a.m., from 9 a.m. to 12.45 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. The roll is called at 7 p.m., and the day's rest finishes up with night operations lasting till nearly midnight. Doubtless, they make sandbags in their spare time.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS AGAIN.

The bob-a-day brigade at Borden Camp place another grievance before us. They complain that letters directed to them from South Africa through the Army Post Office sometimes do not reach them at all, and even when they do turn up, are months overdue. There seems room for improvement.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

We acknowledge the extreme courtesy extended to us by the numerous Commanding Officers whom we address on behalf of their men. At last we have fallen foul of a Major, who is evidently of the "tremble-and-obey" school. We sent him a polite note, asking for the very small concession to his men of a few days' leave before proceeding to the front. The gallant Major informed us by return of post that he was sending a copy of our letter to the War Office, and hoped that they would take proceedings against us! He also peremptorily demanded the names of the men who induced us to plead on their behalf. He is an A.S.C. officer, but all his horses and motor lorries could not drag the names out of us. So far as War Office displeasure is concerned, we fancy the boot is now on the other leg, and that the magnificent Major is sorry for his outburst.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Even after eighteen months' experience, the food question of the camps is nearly as pressing as it was at the beginning. Some units get too much, whilst in others the scarcity reminds us of the starvation that overtook Stanley's rear camp in his last expedition. In some cases the men declare that they are roaring with hunger, but are promised better things in the sweet by and by. We put it to Mr. Tennant that the soldier's rations are in fact a portion of his daily pay; and that if he is kept without food, in common honesty the War Office should give him money in lieu.

THOU SHALT NOT MOURN.

Perhaps the Commanding Officer of the 23rd Prov. Batt. at Newcastle-on-Tyne will tell us if an order has been issued forbidding his men to wear crape over their second tunic button—the regulation sign of mourning. We have received several complaints on the subject from the Battalion, though the blame is not laid on the shoulders of the Colonel, but of another officer.

THE "COOK HOUSE DOOR."

It is not often that Tommy is crimed for not answering smartly the dinner—or cookhouse door—bugle. As a rule, the hungry chaps are anxiously waiting five minutes in advance to make a rush for their rations. About a score of men in the 4-10 Middlesex Regt. at Purfleet, however, did not move quickly enough the other day to attack their dinners, and were given one hour's squad-drill as a punishment. This surely is unique.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. F. J. Drummond, 3-7338, D Co., 9th Devonshires; Rfn. H. Smalley, 3rd K.R.R.s.; Pte. T. Long, 4168, C Co., 2nd R. Inniskilling Fusrs.; Sergt. F. Marquis, S3160, C Co., 8th Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. W. Solway, 16063, No. 1 Co., 10th Gloucesters; Pte. R. Wilson, 9055, A Co., 2nd Royal Scots; Dr. R. Proud, 65732, D Co., 13th N.F.; Pte. L. M. Bonar, 19104, D Co., 2nd Leicesters; L.-Cpl. A. H. Batt, 3596, C Co., 8th Buffs; Dr. W. Morgan, T3024560, A.S.C., 268th Depot Unit of Supply M.E.F.; L.-Cpl. R. G. Jones, 13440, 9th R.W.F.; Pte. Wm. Nisbet, 14704, Signaller, D Co., 12th Royal Scots; Pte. G. Clapson, 2470, A Co., 8th R.W.K.; Pte. J. Comber, 1907, B Co., 1-15 Co. of London Rgt.; Pte. G. Alderson, 16694, 2nd R.D. Fusrs.; Sergt. E. A. Booth, 8728, 2nd K.O.R.L.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS submitting MSS. for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS. so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"LET'S HAVE A DICTATOR."—We have to thank a very large number of readers—many anonymous—for their flattering letters in regard to our recent article under this title.

"REGULAR READER" (Southampton) asks us to translate our words into deeds. We will—when we get the chance.

R. M. R. (Liverpool) says he likes our "dam cheek" in claiming to have warned the country of Germany's designs. Our blush of modesty is slowly subsiding.

MRS. E. W. (Groot Marico, Transvaal).—Glad our words have cheered you through the dark days. Hope on, hope ever.

"JUST A MOTHER OF THREE" (West Bergholt) thinks it is wrong to urge our women to bear children while the Huns send their Zepps. to murder those they have already. But it is to be hoped that the war will be over by the time the little human vessels whose keels are now being laid will be launched on the sea of life.

H. H. (Sheerness).—A dummy teat, *couchant*, on a lily-livered field, would form an excellent crest for the conscientious objectors and other cold-footed nidgets.

E. G. (Leicester) cannot understand how a man of our intelligence and wide outlook, as he kindly puts it, "can be on the side of the Drink Traffic." That is hardly a fair description of our attitude. We are not "on the side" of any one industry more than another. Because, perhaps, of the intelligence and wide outlook with which he credits us, we believe in fair play for a legitimate trade.

G. G.—If we were in Group 7 (don't we wish we were!) and had been called up like your friend, after working night and day at munitions, we should be delighted to go, for the sake of the change alone. What did he attest for if he was not prepared to face the music?

R. B. C. E. (Hindhead).—We agree with your gallant sailor son—that had Jellicoe had his way, the cursed Huns would have been starved into surrender long ere this.

"CONSTANT READER" (Raglan).—As to "whether a Police Sergeant is allowed to smoke on duty," it all depends, as the phrase goes. If he is engaged in the noble and exalted duty of trying to entrap publicans by treating customers in the bar, we presume his smoking would not be objected to by his superior officers.

"WORRIED."—The persons who tried to convince you that India is only awaiting its chance to turn on us, were probably paid emissaries of the Kaiser. The patriotic action of the Indian princes since the war broke out disproves all such lies.

"ONLY A WOMAN."—Canada's output of shells shows wonderful spirit and energy. But she can supply only hundreds of thousands; wanting millions, we pay at a higher rate the people who supply them.

F. R. P. (Hanwell).—Your trams have been behaving badly lately, but the snow was surely some excuse. Stoppages of the service made people feel mad even outside the Hanwell district.

"THE OFFICERS" (s.s. *Ariadne Irene*, Newport News, U.S.A.).—We cannot adequately voice our admiration for the pluck and steadiness of the British merchant mariner through the present crisis.

"GLOS."—Our tame Barber appreciates your suggestion that, instead of cutting and shaving, he should devote his time to the discovery of some new means of exterminating the cochon Boches, but informs us that he "ain't no 'and at inventions 'cept w'ere the missus is concerned."

"EXPLICIT."—"There was an academic defence for the philosophic detachment with which Mr. Balfour looked down upon the fiscal controversy" is the sort of sentence we would expect to meet with in the columns of our hilarious contemporary, the *Daily News*.

PRIVATE C. B. (Shorncliffe).—"To begin with," you tell us, we "don't understand American ways." They face all ways, don't they?

C. S. B. (Wendover) says all the boys in his hut think we are "great." Thank all the boys.

H. A. T. (Walthamstow) beseeches us to stir up the people till they wake up. We certainly wish they would arise earlier in the morning.

"EUSTACE" (R-gardens) says that some of the names beginning with Kl in the *Hampstead and Highgate Directory* are interesting. Germhuninteresting?

"BRITISHER" (Yarmouth).—"How is it Asquith is always ill when there's a meeting?" This is a question for the doctor.

R. T. T. (London).—Quite right that in Party politics the career is not always open to the talented. It is, however, often open to the muddler, the jellyfish, and the gasbag.

"PRO PATRIA" (Nottingham) thinks that, though our articles are inspiriting, they are for all practical purposes *nil*. Perhaps they do a little good sometimes, all the same.

J. F. (Partick).—The so-called "ghost scare" in the neighbourhood of Dundee, in the Spring before the war, since it included the flashing of bright lights, was probably a manifestation of German spies testing their signalling apparatus.

"CONSTANT READER" (Plymouth).—"Down here we have a 'pub' named 'Prince Bismarck.' What do you suggest?" That the landlord stands drinks round.

C. H.—Mr. Hales is entitled to his opinion as to whether it was Judas or John who betrayed Jesus. The question of blasphemy does not arise.

S. H. (Blackpool) suggests taxing "*cats* Bycles go-carts Perambulators in fact every thing with wheels." We are pleased to say our office cat, for one, does not run on wheels.

J. W. (Moston, M/c.).—"Men of skill and ambition" who chafe at the Munitions Act which prevents their leaving one employer for another to improve their position and earnings, must sink their private desires for the duration of the war. It is a small thing compared with the unselfish endurance of our soldiers at the front.

W. H. (Hugglescote).—You speak a true word when you say our greatest weakness as a nation is the weakness of our Party politicians. They are sadly lacking in beans and buck.

"BOMBARDIER" (B.E.F.).—Presumably, the only cure for German measles is to kill the germs. In fact, the only way to cure anything German is to kill it.

G. W. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Your mental machinery must revolve on very eccentric bearings if you can see any inconsistency between our belief in "compelling men to the ranks" and our dining as a guest at the Eccentric Club. What do you think you mean when you remark: "Compulsionists were ever thus!"?

J. H. (Stoke-on-Trent).—What precisely do you mean when you speak of seeking God's guidance in the matter of the blockade of Germany? Do you mean the nation should go down on its knees and ask God's advice, and wait for an answer?

N. W. (Clapham, S.W.).—The members of the R.A.M.C. bitterly resented the idea of foisting upon them the "conscientious objectors." They *will* be pleased that the Government is isolating the "objects."

"BROKEN-HEARTED PARENTS."—Your case is hard, and it is no consolation to tell you there are cases still harder. But your son is single, and you will be proud when he comes back.

"COXALL."—It must have been some natural idiot who appointed a Quaker as Chairman of a Military Service Tribunal. Such a stat of things is intolerable.

"A YORKSHIRE WOMAN" (Montreal).—The disgruntled Scots to whom you refer, who are more concerned with their petty local patriotism than with the broad imperial interests affected by the war, are, although noisy, like the crickets in the hay-field—of very little account. It is an old metaphor, but a useful one.

MEMBER OF V.A.D.—The collecting dogs organised by Lady Decies are promoted according to amount gathered in for the Red Cross, £5 making a dog a corporal, and so on until £20 earns a lieutenancy. Why object? If a cat collected £100 for our Soldiers' Fund, we would willingly call him a Field-Marshal.

W. F. C. (Edinburgh) writes: "You will not be offended, I am sure, if I say that I pray for you." Not in the least. We like it.

H. W. (Haxby).—There is a good deal to be said for your suggestion that all "conscientious objectors" should be disfranchised. Being unwilling to defend their country, they cannot reasonably claim a voice in its destinies.

A high-class periodical is "Everywoman's."

"CATHRINE O'BRIEN."—You say the war was caused by "the deceitful instigation of Mr. Grey and the English £." You abuse Britain, our Allies, and this journal in 3,000 words, and then ask us to print them. "Come, come, Cathrine!"

S. W. (Manchester).—Whether the author of the once popular comic song, "When the Pigs begin to Fly," was inspired by a prophetic vision of Zeppelins is a moot point.

"A READER."—With all respect to Admiral Beatty, his job is to be ready to smash the Huns when at last they venture out of Kiel Canal—not to write nonsense about the war dragging on in consequence of Britain's indifference to religion. This appalling indifference exists only in the imagination of certain morbidly religious minds.

E. W. M. (Hinckley).—Gratified to hear that at the sale of periodicals held after the Annual Meeting of the Hinckley Constitutional Club, JOHN BULL fetched the highest price.

W. W. (Withington).—Your criticism of our views on certain matters is based upon your belief in the infallibility of the Bible and of its translators. That we are not prepared to concede. Therefore, to argue with you would be fruitless.

MRS. M. (Portobello) says we "may have no hesitation in printing this." "This" includes the following: "The proud desolater devouring our land Shall be shaved with a razor in a strong angel's hand." Our pet Barber says he "don't believe it. Fency a n'angel sayin' 'Does the razer soot yer, sir?' It ain't reasonable to suppose."

"FORTY FOURTHER" (London, E.C.).—You must mix with a queer crowd if the fact of your being in one of the last Derby Groups subjects you to "the jeers and japes of the fair sex." What would they subject you to if you were not in any group?

REV. L. E. W. suggests the following words for a valentine from the Devil to the other devil, the Kaiser: "The sport is fine, Dear Valentine, Your friends come here in shoals—And hoping you Will still be true, I've ordered in more coals." Unlike the Archbishop of York, our reverend correspondent appears to have no "sacred memories of the Kaiser."

M. S. (Balham, S.W.).—Poems dealing with "grey rose-flecked, opalescent" skies are, we regret to say, scarcely suitable for our columns. Try the *Sonneteer's Sachet*, or some such publication.

A. D. (Enfield Lock).—A worker at Enfield, summoned for having no rear light on his machine, was told by the Magistrate that he should not have attended, as he was on munitions. You, therefore, when summoned, stayed away for similar reasons, but were fined 7s. and told you would have got off had you attended. Not surprised!

"A VISITOR" (Bath).—Bath will not have a Lighting Order, perhaps because many town councillors are shopkeepers, and is going to wait for a warning. Let us hope it will not come in a hurry.

H. H. C. (Salop).—We note that in the police court proceedings the headmaster of Eton gave his wife's Germhun maid "a splendid personal character."

"TAXIE SUE" (Camberwell) commits the following assault: "I send these lines to win a biscuit Or sausage-roll—I'm sure to risk it. Comply and smile, or I'll tickle your brisket. What will the robin do then, poor thing?" Fourteen days in the Second Division, without the option.

MRS. F. A. (Pontypool) alarms us. She writes: "Der beloved i hope i shant up set you as you do know this is his leepe year so i'll give you the first chance other beloved ones waiteing." She will kindly switch on to the other beloved ones. Our line is engaged.

"A REAL NEUTRAL FRIEND" (London).—"I have to-day seen your article 'Stop this Neutral Nonsense.' I take my hat off to you." And we, with a flourish, doff our cadi to you, sir!

H. D. C. (London, N.W.).—A millionaire is one who possesses a million, whether of pounds sterling, dollars, or nuts.

J. B. (Nottingham).—Don't care tuppence where the British-Yankee pro-Germhun, Rev. C. F. Aked was born.

R. J. W. (Hitchin).—Cannot tell you "the largest number of courses ever served up at a freak dinner." Inquire from a freak.

"ALLAN" (Kensington) alleges that if he had £1 a week coming in it would relieve his mind immensely. Will any kind gentleman immensely relieve his mind?

"A READER" (Ilford).—"The girls of the Ilford L. T. D. are not receiving a war bonus." Neither are we.

P. B. (Bournemouth).—If you are ambitious to be a woman Sales Manager, we believe that Miss Small—who conducts the women's work feature in *Everywoman's*—has such a position vacant on her books. You should write to her immediately. She also has several other vacancies standing ready to be filled if this one does not happen to suit you.

E. L. J. (E. London) says that "if Dr. Walford Bodie is genuine he is a marvel." If "ifs" and "ans"——.

MRS. A. N. (Isle of Dogs) would like to show some of the Army cooks at Winchester "how to cook and feed our boys." Not the most *recherche* cookery, is it?

W. F. H. (Lozells).—Never yet knew a pumpuritan who could put his case without distortion and exaggeration.

F. R. (Brentford).—Are three aces "the top hand at brag"? Five—judging by the name of the game.

"NOSEY" (West Kensington Park) asks if we can see the connection between the Ford Peace Ark and the new German raider. No. Show us.

MR. TOM BIRCH (Dale House, Broad Lane, Brinsley, Notts), the winner of the £1,000 prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 176, tells us that he is 29 years of age, an attested soldier, and at present engaged as an assistant teacher. He had previously won several minor prizes, they being gained before he married, and he therefore continued to use his old address at Ashton-under-Lyne. We are glad to learn that he intends to invest the bulk of the huge prize in War Loan.

L. H. (Stratford, E.) encloses a cartoon and asks us to "except" it for our valuable paper. We have duly excepted it.

J. W.—You ask us "whether it is possible to have file-cutting in the house," and then complain of "the constant file-cutting next door." The evidence of your own ears should satisfy you that it *is* possible.

CAPT. C. D. AND FIVE OTHERS.—Your much appreciated gifts, totalling £9 1s., have been forwarded to Llangollen for the benefit of Mrs. Mary Jones, whose treatment at the hands of the Ruabon Magistrates we recently described as "A British Atrocity."

TEDDY RUTLAND.—We note your programme of a pantomime at the Front. The advertisements amuse. Thanks for the ring made from the nozzle of a shell.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

We shall have a whole four days' racing this week—something like old times.

The Colwall Park Meeting was fixed for yesterday (Tuesday) and to-day. The best things in the programme to-day look to be WILD ASTER for the Newent Selling Hurdle; IF IT for the Four-Year-Old Hurdle; OLGA'S PRIDE for the Malvern Steeplechase; and MARK MINOR for the Mathon Steeplechase.

Nothing has occurred since I wrote last to make me vary my selections for Windsor very much. My choice for the "Jubilee" Hurdle on the first day is still SAUCEPAN, whilst for the "Lancashire" Steeplechase I still pin my faith to FATHER CONFESSOR, though here I have had such a big account of the well-being of Ally Sloper that I have considerable qualms in leaving him out. CAROL SINGER* I think to be a good thing for the "Blue Cross" Hurdle on Friday—always assuming that MINSTREL PARK is a thing of the past; and on the same day MR. PICK should take the Windsor Maiden Steeplechase, the danger being KODAK. On Saturday I shall now take CORNUSCRECINE for the Carleton Hurdle, but still think LLANTHONY can win the March Hurdle.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 23.

Three competitors sent coupons showing only two errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £33 6s. 8d., viz., C. WHEATLEY, Copmanthorpe, York; J. WEBSTER, 33, Sayer Street, Elephant and Castle, S.E.; R. PICKFORD, 54, Greville Street, Birch Lane, Manchester.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Q.M.S. F. GOODWIN, R.E., 14, Dobbin Street, Armagh, Ireland. February 19th. 526,493.

J. W. JACKSON, 106, Dessmond Place, Aberdeen. February 19th. 545,386.

JOSEPH PILLINGER, 8, Hopetoun Road, St. Werburgh's, Bristol. February 19th. 616,642.

J. R. CONNELL, 211, Tosson Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. February 26th. 046,276.

A. P. BARNETT, 5, Victoria Cottages, Falmouth. February 26th. 284,791.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 11th:—

CC6943	298438	645573	883642	A154927
027642	326552	669274	900103	A162342
056250	338799	685316	922427	A168612
114571	389351	699005	954631	A213709
132615	415231	738233	982748	A239205
150429	463619	757482	991465	A255257
193162	496392	763687	A012568	A282820
205200	522193	815062	A066735	A299449
259654	560538	846721	A092487	A340622
272849	627227	879216	A100587	A385734

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 22nd).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for March 11th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 073,264 and A214,112. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Football will soon finish. Get busy with the coupon.

"BULLETS" £1,000 IN PRIZES THIS WEEK!

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 23rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(181) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 181," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 23rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(181) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 182. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 30th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **182** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **182**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 182.

SMASHING GERMANY
THE COMING BUDGET
PREACHING ECONOMY
THE TURKISH ARMY
NO LADY
WE ALL THINK
MY WIFE LIKES
SAYING NO
OUR OFFICE BOY
TAKING IT EASY
BROKEN OFF
CAN'T BE BOUGHT
A JOB LOT
NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO
MAKES FATHER SMART
WAITING FOR WORK
COURTING THE MAID
SELLING OFF
WHEN FIRST KISSED
THE KAISER'S DREAD

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 181:—

CALLING ON THE MARRIED
THE KAISER'S SISTER
Mr. McKENNA
MAKING THEM PAY
CONSCIENTI OS OBJECTOR
WON'T COME OUT
PRACTISING ECONOMY
CHANGING THE SUBJECT
SILENT WATCH
A TIGHT SQUEEZE
TAKING HIS SALARY
A GENTLE REMINDER
A WARNING NOTE
PEMBERTON BILLING
NOT WORTH TAKING
HOT STUFF
AWAITING THE FALL
NOT WANTED
A FINE DAY
NAUGHTY BOY
HAD ENOUGH
WON'T COME OFF
SLENDER WAIST
MOST PEOPLE WANT
FEELING PLEASED
HARD TO TELL
LEFT BEHIND
TOO LATE
HEAVY DAMAGES
THE GERMAN EAGLE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
HEAVY DAMAGES.
Bullet:—
AFTER ARGUING WITH PUGILIST.

Example:—
FEELING PLEASED.
Bullet:—
TOMMY IN ACTION.

Example:—
NAUGHTY BOY.
Bullet:—
NEIGHBOUR'S USUALLY.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 8th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated March 18th.

RESULT OF 178TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. WM. FREEAR,
31, Somerset Street, Northampton.

Example:—BLAMING ANOTHER.
Bullet:—SOME "FORGET THEMSELVES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. FRED JONES,
4, Olga Terrace, Highfield, Rowlands Gill, Durham.

Example:—DODGING THE BLOCKADE.
Bullet:—EASIER THAN THE TRIBUNAL.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. S. E. WEBSTER, 1, Darracott Road, Boscombe: COURTING DANGER—"DRAWING" NEAR OUR DEFENCES.

Mrs. M. M. WEBB, 53, Waldron Road, Earlsfield, London, S.W.: A MODEST MAID—"BECOMES" A PRETTY WOMAN.

Mr. E. ELLIS, Buxted Park, Uckfield, Sussex: WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING—"FIGURES" ARE OFTEN ALTERED.

Miss ETHEL LAWRENCE, 50, Nightingale Road, Southsea, Hants: SLACKING OFF—"TEN TO ONE"—SATURDAYS.

Mrs. EDITH LEGGETT, 4, South Parade, Lincoln: MAKES KAISER SWEAR—ALLIES "LINKED," GERMANY "CHAINED."

Mr. JOHN JONES, 4, Upper Marsh, May Bank, Stoke-on-Trent: WHEN WIFE'S OUT—WITH HUSBAND—"A DIFFERENCE."

Mrs. N. RUTLAND, 52, New North Road, London, N.: MAKES KAISER SWEAR—MANY "PLOTS," NO "HARVEST."

Mrs. M. W. HUNT, 46, Whitstable Road, Canterbury: A MODEST MAID—I'M NOT "FAMILIAR" WITH.

Mr. DAVID CHALMERS, 365, Paisley Road, Glasgow: COURTING DANGER—NEIGHBOUR'S CAT—DAD GARDENING.

Mr. E. R. ROBERTS, 182a, Bolton Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield: MAKING REPRISALS—WE "LET THINGS DROP."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. A. L. BEAMS, Custom House, Liverpool: A NIGHT FLIGHT—OF FANCY—"LIVERPOOL BOMBED."

CECILIA M. BRUCE, 51a, London Street, Edinburgh: WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING—BATHER CHANGES HER—MIND.

Mr. RICHARD HAIGH, 82, Ivy Leigh, Tuebrook, Liverpool: SPRING CLEANING—WIFE SEEMS "CLEAN" MAD.

Mr. JOHN RICE, 108, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E.: WHEN WIFE'S OUT—CAT MISSES HER "LAP."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. JAS. GLOVER, 118, Crescent Road, Hugglescote, near Leicester: MERRY AND BRIGHT—GERMAN POPULACE—VIDE PRESS.

Mr. T. W. ROSE, 16, Graham Street, Airdrie, Scotland: OUR GOVERNMENT—EVIDENTLY NEVER STUDIED "GREEK."

Mr. EDWARD W. ADAMSON, 7, Mountsett, Burnopfield, S.O.: MAKING REPRISALS—MAN PROPOSES, CABINET "REPOSES."

Mr. L. F. WARNER, 130, Lansdowne Rd., Seven Kings, Essex: SPRING CLEANING—HOME "INVADED" AND "BLOCKADED."

Mr. C. G. JONES, 169, Wanstead Park Rd., Ilford, Essex: OUR GOVERNMENT—GOOD "STAYERS," BAD "GOERS."

Mrs. G. E. WOOD, 5, Dunabban Road, Inverness: WHAT AMERICA WANTS—A "FIRM FOOTING" EVERYWHERE.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 23rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(181) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 23rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(181) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 181." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon .
£250 If One Error . . . . . .
£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, March 25th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Bolton you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Bolton will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, March 24th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Blackpool	v.	Bolton W.
			Manchester U.	v.	Manchester C.
			Oldham A.	v.	Everton
			Liverpool	v.	Stockport C.
			Grimsby	v.	Sheffield U.
			Leeds City	v.	Bradford City
			Notts F.	v.	Leicester F.
			Stoke	v.	Notts C.
			Tottenham H.	v.	Fulham
			Brentford	v.	Queen's Park R.
			Clapton O.	v.	Luton
			Reading	v.	Arsenal
			Dumbarton	v.	Aberdeen
			Falkirk	v.	Airdrieonians
			Clyde	v.	Kilmarnock
			Hibernians	v.	Hamilton A.
			Greenock Morton	v.	Hearts
			Motherwell	v.	Celtic

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 26 Closing date, Friday, March 24th.

THE WITNESS.

The expert witness testified
And claimed he knew, with conscious pride,
Chairman Juniors from their birth;
"My Lord," said he, "I recommend,
To bring the matter to an end,
The Court should smoke this famous blend
And test its sterling worth."

If you test Chairman Juniors you will find them all that you want in a Cigarette. They are really good, well made, of pleasing flavour, and neatly packed. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes in everything but size, and they are only the necessary amount smaller to enable them to be made, and sold by all tobacconists at

3d. for 10.

There are no pictures or coupons with them. All the value is in the cigarettes.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS, No. 4.

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